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HONGKONG TELEGRAPH,
For and on behalf of
SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST LTD.
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The Hongkong Telegraph

Dine
At the

P. G.

For
Reservations

Tel: 27880

VOL. IV NO. 142

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1949.

Price 20 Cents

EXPECTED TO DIE



Dimitrov's Grave Condition

Prague, June 17.—Some Prague newspapers have been informed that the condition of Georgi Dimitroff, Bulgaria's Communist Premier, is so critical that they should get an obituary set up in type for early publication. It was learned today.

Dimitroff has been undergoing medical treatment in Russia since early Spring. Moscow radio said recently he was suffering from a liver ailment and other complications.

An employee of one Czech newspaper said his editor had given instructions to prepare Dimitroff's obituary with a lavish display because "the news is expected to be announced within two or three days." The editor's information was said to have come from Czech Communist sources.

The informant said it could be assumed that other Prague dailies had received similar instructions.—Associated Press.

ABORTION TO BE LEGALISED

Tokyo, June 17.—Abortion is to be legalised in Japan as from June 24, the Japanese Welfare Ministry announced today.

Abortion will be permitted when the health of the mother is in danger and in the case of women with large families who are so poor that they would be unable to afford to keep additional children.—Reuter.

EDITORIAL

Too Early A Retiring Age

THE subject of Civil Service pensions in Hongkong has long been a touchy one with the public, many of whom feel that the Colony has to carry an out-of-proportion burden in recognition of services rendered. The topic has been revived this week with the hitherto unknown Association of European Civil Servants of Hongkong submitting a defence of the current pensions bill. A fairly good case is made out, although misleading to some extent. For example, it is claimed that pensions represent only three percent of the Budget, but the proportion should, of course, be computed on total personal emoluments, which then amounts to 11 percent—a fairly high figure. Nevertheless, the scale of pensions is bearable: the crux of the argument today is the new retiring age—45—which was recommended by the Salaries Commission and has been adopted. Can the Colony afford to have its servants retiring at that age? Given normal health, a man is rated as being at his prime between 40 and 45, and it does not appear to be very logical to permit him to leave the Service when he is probably at the peak of his talents and experience. Retiring at 45 for the most part means that a man can only give 20 to 25 years of service to the Government, and even this period would include home leaves totalling some four years. Thus, under the 45 years of age retiring scheme, a Civil Servant can claim his pension after something like 20 years actual service—surely ultra-generous terms of employment? This early retirement age also is in danger of creating a serious manpower wastage, for if an employee is still at his best at 45, to lose him is to lose an asset, and Government any more than a private business, cannot afford such a loss. The

point is made that by retiring at 45, the Civil Servant does so on a less than maximum salary and therefore has a correspondingly smaller pension. That is true in itself, but the argument overlooks one important aspect: If the man is in good health when he retires at 45 he will not be content to remain idle—he will start looking for some sort of employment if only to keep himself occupied and from becoming bored. This places Hongkong in the position of having to pay out an annual pension while the recipient is currently earning an income—which is very nice for the pensioner, but a trifle disconcerting a charge on the Colony's finances. It is observed that in making its "retire at 45" recommendation, the Salaries Commission placed first emphasis on giving Government the power to call on any officer to retire at that age, and then went on to suggest that where an officer himself expressed the desire to retire at that age, he should give three years' notice of this intention. It would seem, judging from the number of retirements at this age now taking place, that Government has not thought it fit to adopt this suggestion, although it has obvious merits. In the main, though, we believe that 45 is too early an age to allow civil servants to retire. Not because making them retire at a later age means any material saving in the pensions bill, but because the public is being deprived of servants when they can be of most value. A minimum voluntary retiring age of 50 with a compulsory maximum of 55 would offer a fair compromise, for the public would then obtain a full measure of service from an officer, and he in turn would enjoy a larger pension.

China's Moslem Warlords Fighting Commos

3-DAY BATTLE FOUGHT NW OF SIAM

San Francisco, June 17.—New evidence that the Moslem warlords of China's northwest have joined the war against the Communists and are engaged in large scale fighting came on Friday from the Communist radio.

A Red broadcast heard in San Francisco by the Associated Press said more than 4,000 troops of General Ma Pu-fang had been wiped out in a three-day battle immediately northwest of Sian.

It said the forces of his cousin, General Ma Hung-kwei, also were engaged when each sent a full army group (a total of possibly 150,000 men) to cover the retreat of General Hu Tsung-nan's Nationalist regulars from Sian.

Total Nationalist losses were put at 10,000 men.

Anna Pauker Blots Her Copybook

Zurich, June 17.—Anna Pauker, Rumanian Foreign Minister, has fallen into Moscow's disfavor for depositing funds of the Rumanian Communist Party in foreign banks, including Swiss banks, without advising Cominform authorities, the Swiss weekly Weltwoche said today.

The newspaper said this practice of the Rumanian Communists came to light with the arrest of Solvan Vitianu, a Rumanian now on trial at Winterthur for political and economic espionage in Switzerland.

One of Vitianu's assignments in Switzerland, the prosecution alleges, was to ferret out foreign currency holdings of Rumanian refugees in Switzerland and then through bribery and blackmail, secure them for the Communist party.—Associated Press.

Capitol of Shensi province, Sian is about 300 miles northwest of Shanghai. The Reds took it last month and said they were pursuing the Nationalists westward, but on Friday they put the scene of conflict only 20 miles northwest of Sian.

Gen. Ma Pu-fang is governor of Tsinhsing province, and his cousin Gen. Ma Hung-kwei governs Ninghsia. Both provinces are huge semi-isolated regions which the Ma families have ruled for many years. Nominally, they pay allegiance to the Nationalist government, but in practice are autonomous.

The Nationalist military spokesman at Canton said on Thursday that Gen. Ma Pu-fang had joined the fighting. "This Nationalist Gen. Hu Tsung-nan with inflicting 23,000 casualties on the Reds while losing only 2,000 of their own men in springing a notable trap on the Communists west of Sian."

JOINT CAUSE

While casualty figures from either side in China are open to serious question, evidently heavy fighting has been going on in the northwest.

The rival reports also indicate that, contrary to some previous predictions of observers, the Ma

are making joint cause with the Nationalists.

The action comes at a time when the Reds are consolidating their hold on North and Central China and when the Southern front is idle.

Distance as well as disinclination make it unlikely that the Ma will seek to turn the Red tide of the war in the south, but they are fighting strongly to maintain their own positions in the northwest against any Communist encroachment.—Associated Press.

Jet Planes For France

Paris, June 17.—Britain is to supply France with about 100 jet propelled planes for which the Inter-Allied Military Aid Fund will pay, the Defence Minister, M. Paul Ramadier, told the National Assembly today.

Some of the planes have already been delivered, he said. Forty-five Goblins—engine-driven fighters—were also to be ordered from Britain, equipped with some French-made parts. They would be paid for by the French Government.

Asked why the Government preferred to buy foreign planes, M. Ramadier said that French military aircraft had proved only "half satisfactory" on trial.

The allocation for manufacture of military planes—3,000 million francs (about US\$38,000,000)—was voted by 302 to 182, after a number of Deputies on the Government side had criticised the sum as inadequate.

M. Henri Queuille, the Prime Minister, told them that the amount was in conformity with the country's financial possibilities.

France's military policy could not at the present moment be definitely decided, he added.—Reuter.

No Faith In Goodwill

Lausanne, June 17.—Arab delegations to the peace talks here told the Palestine Conciliation Commission today that they have "no faith in the goodwill of the contrary in the sincerity of their intentions."

In their first meeting with the Commission the Arab states pressed the Commission for immediate measures to aid Arab refugees. They said they had not received any answer to their memorandum on this subject which was presented on May 8.

The Commission asked the Arabs for the first time since the talks opened here to state their views on "territorial adjustments" in Palestine. The Arabs replied they were willing to discuss territorial questions but that an Israeli answer to their refugee memorandum would create a better understanding.—United Press.

New Type Of Submarine

New London, Conn., June 17.—The Navy Under-Secretary, Mr. Daniel Kimball, said today that a new type of submarine is being developed to launch guided missiles.

He said a graduating class at the submarine base here that this "high speed, deep running" underwater warship will have far greater destructive power than World War II submarines.

He said that improved communications systems will bring Naval, air and undersea operations much closer together. Mr. Kimball predicted that the next 20 years will bring great advances in undersea warfare.—United Press.

AUSTRIAN TREATY PROBLEM

Trying To Find Bypass

Diplomats Search For Information

Paris, June 17.—Western diplomats took advantage of a recess today to try to find a bypass around the blockade holding up the Austrian treaty.

For hours they talked with Dr. Karl Gruber, Foreign Minister of Austria. They wanted from him some of the information they had tried to get from Andrei Vyshinsky, Russian Foreign Minister. They wanted to know just what assets Russia was likely to claim as part of her settlement and what effect surrender to the Russian demands would have on Austrian economy and Balkan affairs generally.

This was one of the several stumbling blocks in the way of the settlement which the four Ministers have agreed to get on Sunday in secret session to discuss the two thin subjects on which they yet hold some hopes of agreement. These two were all that remained of a broad programme they outlined for themselves four weeks earlier.

FAIR PLAY CODE

The two subjects were:

1.—Progress towards peace in Austria.

2.—A code of fair play on trade and transport in Germany and in and out of Berlin.

The experts who talked to Dr. Gruber expected to get very little they did not already know. Negotiators on both sides have digested every grain of the experts' Austria, but they might still learn from Dr. Gruber whether things had greatly changed since their last debate over the treaty.

"Only one thing is actually agreed," one American spokesman said. "That is that we will adjourn Monday night after an open session."

Despite some of the glum comments from the American side, British and French sources persisted in claiming that there was some hope of small successes from the conference.

NEGATIVE PROGRESS

They have made progress in putting aside things on which agreement was impossible. They took almost three weeks of the nearly four weeks the conference has been in session.

On Berlin.

M. Vyshinsky is demanding an all German committee on trade, commerce and currency. It would be weighted heavily on the Eastern side so that the West could not out-vote the Russian zone.

The West will not agree to give the East a voice in management of the West's commerce, especially currency. They might agree to a fixed rate of exchange between East and West currency.

It said that a ship from Hongkong had arrived at Tsingtao with a cargo of communication equipment and printing materials.—Reuter.

(Continued on Page 14.)

WESTERN UNION COUNCIL MEETS

Tackle Easy Questions First

Luxembourg, June 17.—The British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Ernest Bevin, wants more publicity for the social and cultural work of the Consultative Council of Western Union.

At the end of the first session of the Council's sixth meeting here tonight it was understood that Mr. Bevin made a plea for more publicity when reports on the work of the Sub-Committees on social and cultural matters were taken up.

M. Robert Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, told reporters after the meeting that the discussion of military matters was "reserved for tomorrow."

Mr. Paul-Henri Spaak, the Belgian Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, said, "We tackled the easiest questions first."

Mr. Bevin, it is understood, reminded his colleagues that the work of the Consultative Council, under the terms of the Brussels treaty, was not exclusively military or political.

CULTURAL REPORT

Its purpose was also to create a real bond between the peoples of their countries.

The cultural report, which explained that the five Powers had, in the past year, exchanged education experts and teachers, indicated that courses for government officials are planned for later this year and next year.

The Consultative Council, it is understood, also discussed the ideas of the five Powers for the agenda of the meeting of the Council of Europe in August in Strasbourg.

There is no published agenda for the Consultative Council but main headings for the discussions at the meetings in Luxembourg will probably be as follows:

DEFENCE PLANS

(1) Co-ordination of Western Union joint defence plans and budgets with the organisation of the Atlantic treaty powers in the military field. This is on the assumption that the United States Congress will vote for the necessary sums, after ratification, for military assistance to European powers who are members of the Atlantic union.

(2) A report by Mr. Bevin and M. Schuman on the Council of Foreign Ministers in Paris.

(3) The relationship of Western Union to the Council of Europe and especially of the Consultative Council of Western Union to the Committee of Foreign Ministers in the Council of Europe.—Reuter.

Found Drugged On A Barge

Paris, June 17.—The police here tonight said that Mrs. Adeline Mollie Harris, found unconscious on a barge on a Paris canal on June 7, was the wife of a British officer stationed in Trieste.

They could give no further details about Mrs. Harris but said that Mrs. Harris was still in hospital suffering from the effects of an over-dose of sleeping tablets.

The police yesterday said that Mrs. Harris was the daughter of a British officer now stationed in Singapore.—Reuter.

Tsingtao Trade Resumed

San Francisco, June 17.—Trade between Tsingtao and overseas has been resumed, the Communist-controlled Peiping Radio reported tonight.

It said that a ship from Hongkong had arrived at Tsingtao with a cargo of communication equipment and printing materials.—Reuter.

Defence Of Hongkong

Washington, June 17.—Reliable sources said today that the British Foreign Minister, Mr. Ernest Bevin, discussed the defence of Hongkong with the U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson in Paris following Mr. A. V. Alexander's visit to Hongkong.

It was understood that he asked Mr. Acheson what would be the United States attitude in the event of a Communist attack on Hongkong, but Mr. Acheson reportedly reserved a reply saying that the matter would have to be considered by the State Department experts.

The British Embassy Far Eastern expert, Mr. H. A. Graves, is at present in London conferring with the Foreign Office.—United Press.

Railways Dispute NUR Rejects Offer

London, June 17.—A delegate conference of Britain's 460,000-strong National Union of Railwaymen today backed the Union Executive in refusing the employers' offers of higher wages for the lowest paid workers.

The offered increases were understood to range from sixpence to 2s. 6d. a week.

The conference instructed the Executive to continue negotiations on the basis of the Union's original claim for a 10 shillings a week increase and at the same time press for an early settlement.

Negotiations between the Union and the Railway Executive are due to be resumed early next week provided that the unofficial "Sunday" strikes and "go slow" policies are discontinued.

Meantime, Southampton dockers today refused to unload the Canadian freighter "Seaboard Trader," whose Canadian Seamen's Union crew had been on strike for seven weeks.

Members of the crew alleged that the removal of chain lashings over the freighter's hold on Wednesday was done by "go slow" and that the Union men had refused the job.

The new strike came only two days after settlement of the Avonmouth and Bristol strikes which paralysed the port for 40 days and four days after the Liverpool dockers resumed work after a strike of four weeks.—Reuter.

DOCKERS TO WORK

Southampton, June 17.—Dockers at a union meeting here tonight decided by 303 votes to 64 to start unloading the Canadian freighter Seaboard Trader.

Earlier today the men had refused to handle the cargo of wheat and lumber after an informal meeting at the dock-side.

A union official said after tonight's meeting, "Common sense prevailed."—Reuter.

Judith Coplon's Defence

London, June 17.—Judith Coplon today swore to her spy trial jury that the notes on the "top secret" FBI reports found in her purse were only material for a "serio-comic" book she is writing about Washington. She complained that on the night of her arrest the FBI put her through a "terrifying" ordeal, stripping her by force and questioning her for hours without letting her call her lawyer.—United Press.

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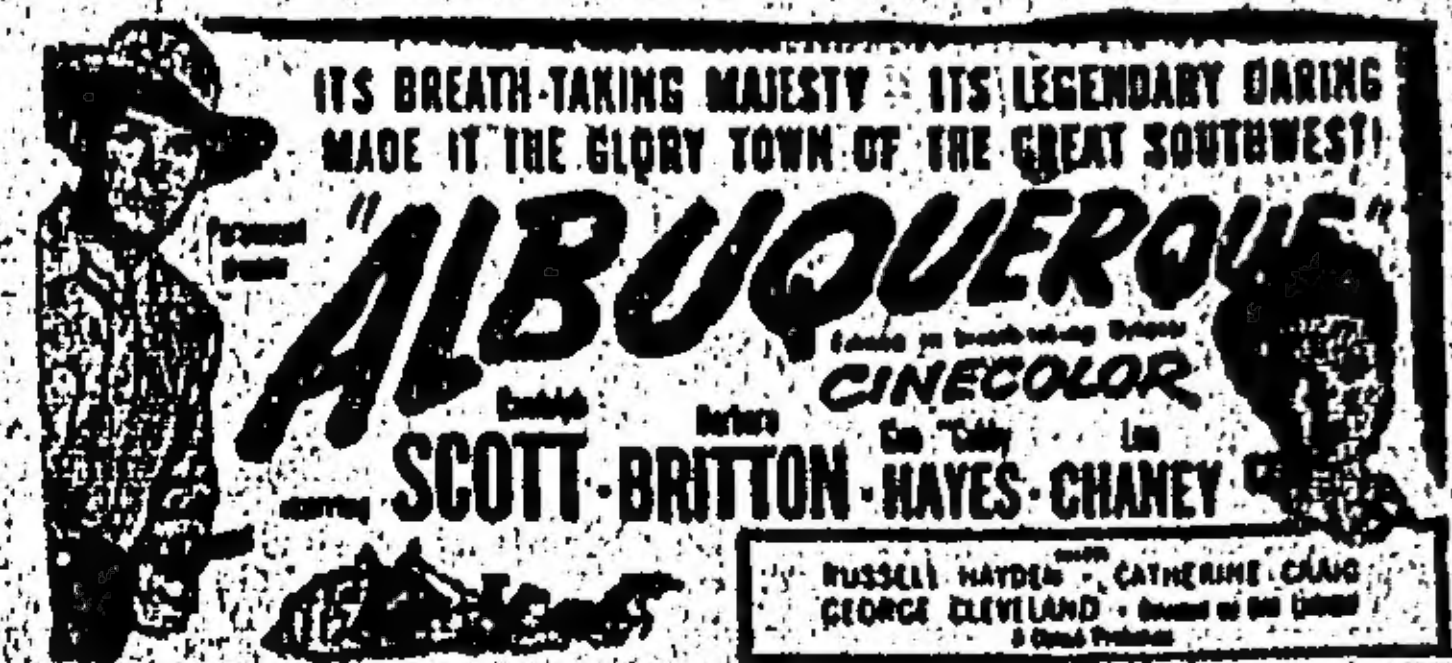
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"IRISH EYES ARE SMILING" — COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

TYRONE POWER (at 120° in the sun) IS HELD UP FOR CAMELS

DAVID LEWIN'S *Spotlight*
flies out to Casablanca
to report on an epic...

OUARZAZATE (French Morocco).
BRITAIN has sent 120 men with
lights, cameras, sound equipment,
and studio props nearly 2,000 miles
to make a costume film in colour.
The journey: London to Casa-
blanca, to Marrakesh over the Atlas
Mountains, and into the desert....

Friday

THE call sheet this morning
says "500 camels ready har-
nessed and saddled."
We are living in a Foreign
Legion Fort at Waznat (it's the
best way to pronounce my date-
line) which the Foreign Legion
gave up about two years ago. And
we are making a British picture
for a Hollywood company with part
of the story set in China. Title:
"The Black Rose."

The Atlas Mountains (snow-
covered of course) are standing in
for the Himalayas, and Marrakesh,
the nearest town—a four-hour car
drive through the mountains
—will become Cathay when
they film the sacking of a
city there.

But meanwhile the big worry
is these camels. We have come
1,000 miles from England to
film camels, but it seems we
are now on the wrong side of
the Atlas Mountains. No
Camels in these parts at all. We
are having to import them from
200 miles away, from the other
side of the desert.

"There are only 35 camels in
America," said Henry Hath-
away, the Hollywood director.
We guessed there'd be plenty
around here. Ah, well! We've
got everything else."
"Everything else" includes
TYRONE POWER and **JACK
HAWKINS**, as 13th-Century
English adventurers, and **OR-
SON WELLES** playing a
Genghis Khan part. And, as
background for them, there are
several thousand Arabs, hun-
dreds of horses and flocks of
sheep.

It is not an easy
life, this. We
get up at five a.m.,
and work through
until six in the evening. Tem-
perature during most of the
day—120 degrees. The natives
stop work between 12 and
four—but we "mad dogs" work
right through—with just 30
minutes' break for lunch.

We are doing a crowd scene
with Tyrone Power and the
sheep this afternoon. Suddenly
an Arab shambles into the
middle of the flock, begins to
pick up the animals and
examine them. Interpreters
roar.

All a mistake, it appears. The
Arab knew nothing about
films—he thought it was a sheep
sale and wanted to buy....
Director Hathaway stands on
his rostrum in his "Foreign
Legion" cap shouting orders to
his cast of thousands. The
orders are translated into Eng-
lish, then French, then Arabic,
and finally into the mountain
dialects.

The crowd (55 a day) look
happy, not encouragingly when
an instruction is given. They
don't understand a word.

Saturday

NEWS about our camels.
Twenty-five of them from
the French Camel Corps are



Sabu, centre, is taken prisoner by Turhan Bey, a
hunter, as Gail Russell stands by in this scene from the
Columbia film *Song of India*, now showing at the Queen's.
Packed with exciting, wild animal scenes, the film describes
the legend of a hunting party on a village which for years
has lived in harmony with the tigers which prowled the
surrounding jungle.

WELLES
AND
POWER

They're
off on a
road in
Morocco
to the
day of
Genghis
Khan...

due in tonight after a nine-day
trek. Simultaneously, there is
another news flash. **ALFONSO
BEDOYA** has left for Holly-
wood—his part is finished.
Bedoya (he played the grinning
Mexican bandit in "Treasure
of Sierra Madre," remember?)
has created a legend for him-
self round these parts. As fol-
lows:

After weeks they finally push-
ed a telephone out to the camp.
One night at dinner—after in-
conceivable delays—Hollywood
came on the wire. The call was
for Bedoya. He put down his
fork, turned to the man on the
phone, and said: "I can't take
the call—I'm busy."

ORSON WELLES came
into the camp to-
night from his
villa overlooking the fort. "I've
got to get to Mogador by Mon-
day to make my own film,
"Othello," he said.

Welles ostentatiously despises
the heat. For his part in the film
(see picture) he wears a 30lb.
leather coat lined with mink
down to his knees. He seems
in no hurry to take it off.

At night he is planning his
own films—not his next, or
"Othello," which is to follow
"Othello"—but a new one he
has just thought of—three pic-
tures away.

His own camera unit is with
him working on all of them. "Of
course, film making is fantasy,"
he says. "When we look back
on this we shall probably find
that we were all slightly de-
lirious and our fleeting moments
of sanity were when the sun
touched us and made us a bit
mad!"

Apart from the camels, the
sand is giving us trouble, too. At
Meknes we had to bring our
own yellow sand because the

Director, Blucy Hill. "Throw
the baby to the dog."
Twenty-five camels are here
tonight, brought in by Adjutant
Charpentier, of the Camel
Corps.

"We throw a party for him in
the bar. We are so pleased we
even say we'll try a dance for
tomorrow night."

Charpentier weeps. "I don't
like leaving my camels," he
says. "Could I bring them to
the dance?" "Sure."

He pauses a moment, and
looks worried again. "But to-
morrow night," sighs Charpen-
tier, "they may not want to
dance...."

Monday

ALREADY some people
around here have a new
name for "The Black Rose."
They are calling it an "Eastern
Western."

Welles is off to Mogador to-
day. "I'm just as crazy as you
are," he says. "I'm making
Mogador represent Cyprus for
"Othello!"

There is also more news of
our camels. "The first lot
which were rounded up were
wild. They took one look at
the packs they must carry for
the picture—and ran."

★ ★ ★

**HENRY HATH-
WAY** comes
up. He is the man
who is driving this
picture through. He is hard,
tough, works in the Cecil B. de
Mille tradition.

"But audiences are bored
with long battle scenes and
broad canvas pictures in which
the men taking part are forgot-
ten," he says.

"With me it is the people in
the film first. If audiences like
it they'll say: 'It ought to be
good with all that money and
effort spent on it.' If they don't
like it they will say: 'It is always
the same with costume and
quaint films.'"

"But whatever happens,
there'll be no glory," he sighs.
"It's always the same when
you're doing an epic."

Sunday

It is work again today. Shoot-
ing in the desert is costing a
minimum of £2,500 a day.
Tyrone Power goes to walk
the gauntlet for a scene this
morning. Spikes are set up on
both sides of a ruined wall of
a native Kasbah; the Arabs in
Chinese costumes line up on
either side to drive Power along
with sticks. This time they do
understand what is wanted.
Power has to see the doctor at
the end of the take!

Another hold up. First a dog
is barking, and "ruining sound."
Then a baby starts to cry. "Do
something," yells Hathaway.
"All right," says the Assistant



LOCATION: On the map, it is
French Morocco; on the screen it
will be Far Cathay.

London Express Service

Notes From British Studios:

The Kite Flyer Is A Detective

GEORGE COLE, the
young man who went
to prison because of his pas-
sion for kites in Somerset
Maugham's Quartet, is now
on the right side of the law,
playing Eric Portman's de-
tective assistant in *The
Spider And The Fly*. Based
on a true story from the
archives of the Paris Surete,
the film stars Eric Portman,
Guy Rolfe and Nadia Gray,
young Rumanian discovery.

Aged 24, George has appeared
in a number of screen successes,
among them *Henry V.* and
Demetrius. But he first
made his name as the young
convict who was handcuffed to
Jack Warner in *My Brother's
Keeper*.

NOW firmly established as a
screen actress of merit
through her performance in
Adam And Eve, Helen
Cherry intends to continue
building up her career inde-
pendently of her celebrated film
star husband. She has found
that being constantly referred
to as "Trevor Howard's wife"
is a distinct handicap to an
actress with ambitions of her
own. On the other hand she
very much looks forward to
playing opposite her husband
when she has graduated into his
screen class.

START of *The Astonished
Heart* at Pinewood brings
the total number of films being
made there to four. The others
are *Maigret*, *The Spider And
The Fly*, and *Golden Salaman-
der*, which is now on location in
Tunisia. To make room for
The Astonished Heart, which
marks Celia Johnson's return to
the screen for the first time
since "Brief Encounter," the
Pinewood studios and saw line-

which is being produced by
Tony Darnborough, has been
transferred to Denham. Darn-
borough is also co-directing *The
Astonished Heart* with Terence
Fisher.

JOHN GREGSON, who played
Paddy O'Brien in *Scott
Of The Antarctic*, and has just
finished being an outspoken
music professor in *Train Of
Events*, has been given a role in
Treasure Island, which Walt
Disney is to make at Denham
Studios, London, this summer. A
big future is predicted for John,
who is a 30-year-old ex-able
seaman from Liverpool.

MAYFLOWER Picture Cor-
poration, one of Britain's
most celebrated and successful
film companies, is resuming
production under the direction
of London barrister Maxwell
Setton and film producer Aubrey
Baring.

The company was formed in
1936 as a partnership between
Charles Laughton, Eric For-
mer, the famous UFA producer
and John Maxwell, founder of
Associated British. Its successes
included *Vessel Of Wrath*, *St
Martin's Lane* and *Jumbie Inn*.
Charles Laughton is now becom-
ing an American citizen.

ORIENTAL

TAKE ANY EASTERN TRAM CAR OR HAPPY VALLEY BUS

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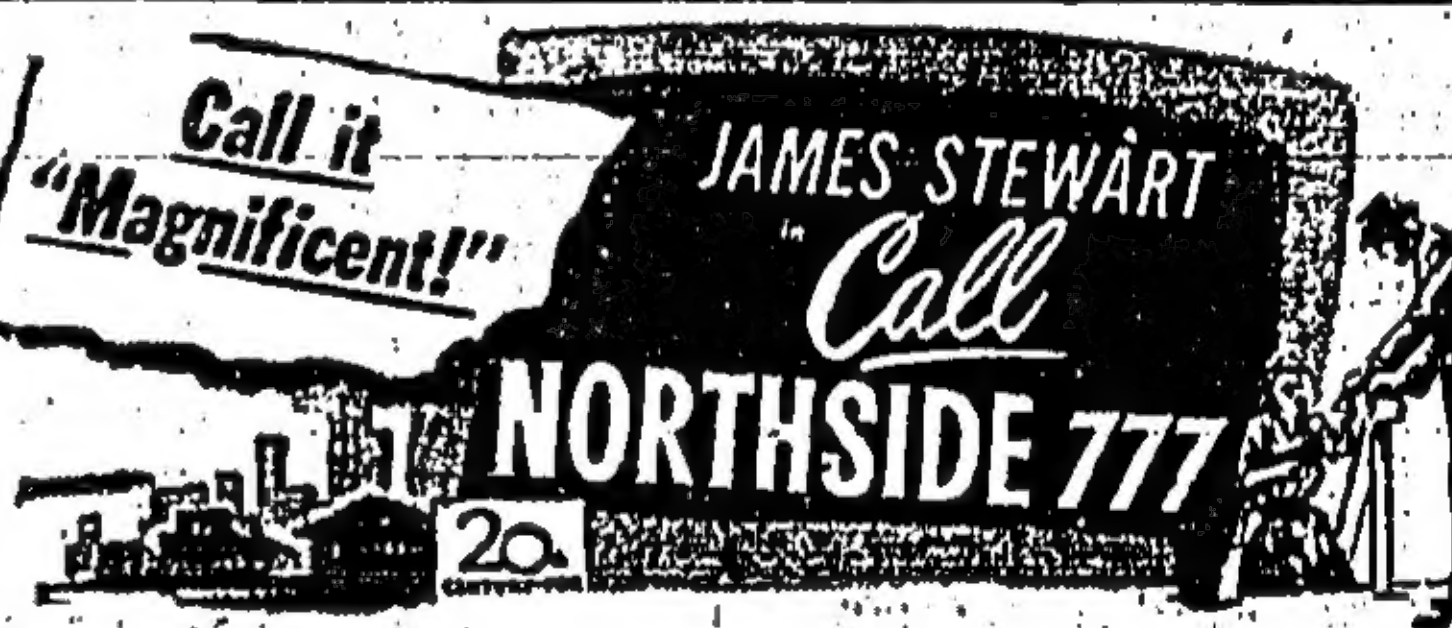
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BIG BEN IS 90



At the public know it—

BIG Ben was 90 on May 31. Only once since it started service in 1859 has the clock failed because of a mechanical fault. That was in 1944 when the pendulum suspension spring broke.

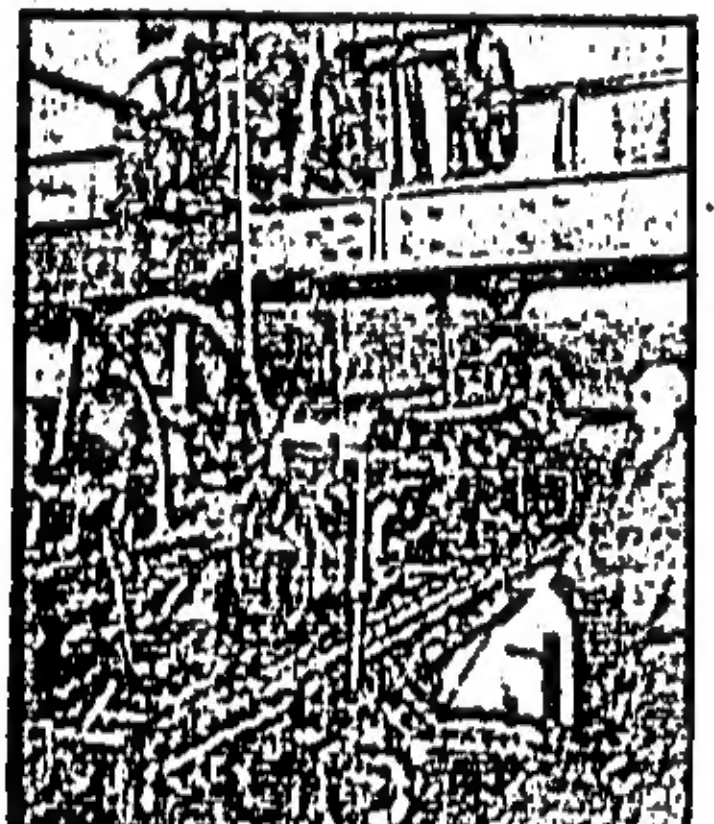
Until 1913 the clock had to be wound by hand. It took two men five hours on three days a week.

Then a motor-driven winder was installed and now it only takes 40 minutes three days a week to wind the clock.

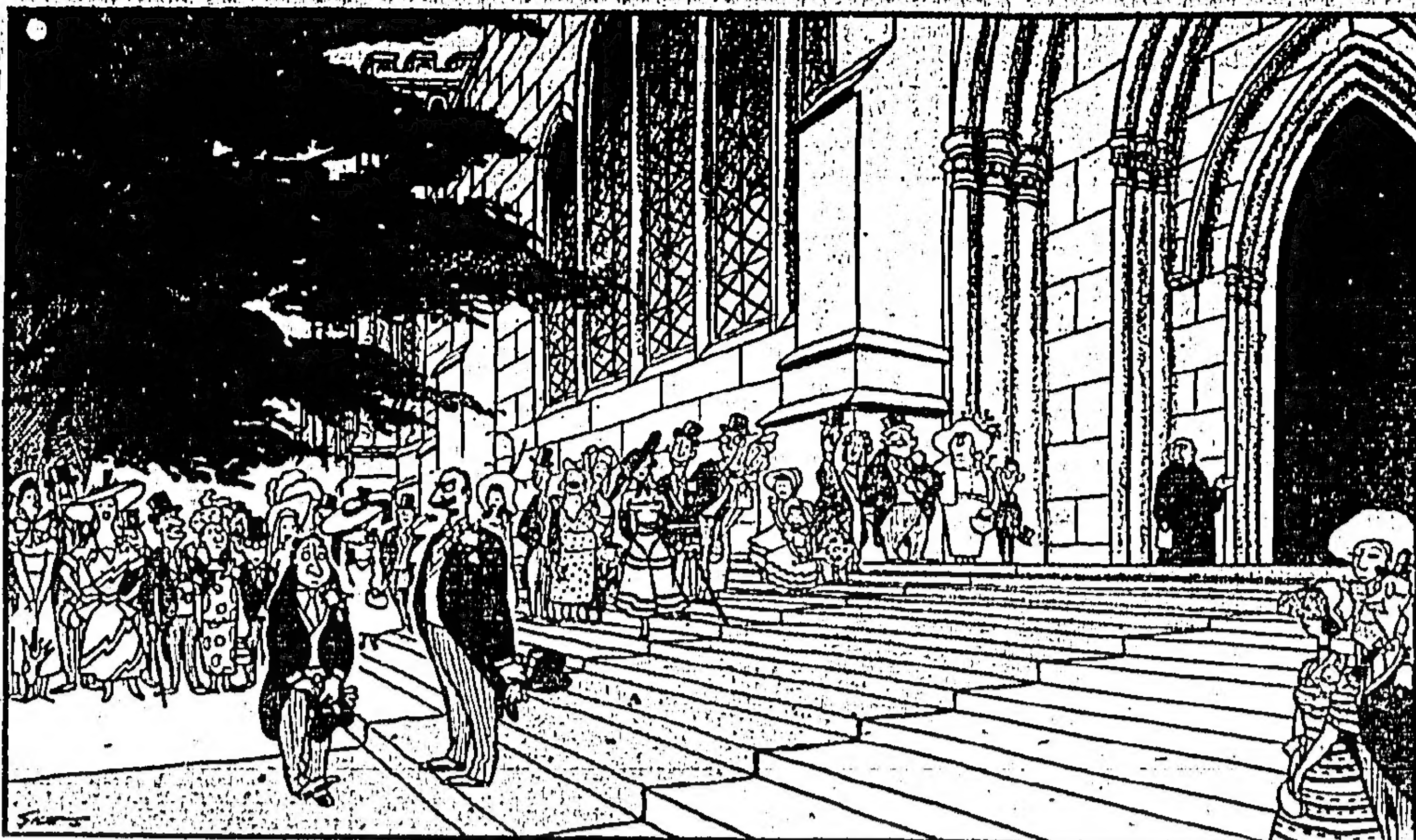
The only war-damage it received was in 1941. An AA shell slightly damaged its tower.

Although known as Big Ben, the clock's correct name is the Great Clock. Big Ben is the bell which was named after Sir Benjamin Hall, then Chief Works Commissioner.

Big Ben was first cast in 1856 but in 1857 a 4 ft long crack was discovered and the bell had to be broken up. In 1858 Big Ben II was cast and is still used today.



—and as seen by the main tenance men.



"Dashed if this isn't a fine time for the best man to tell me that he put my ring on Royal Forest in the Dorby."

London Express Service

Be good, you men!

NEW YORK.

WHEN television was one of those what-won't-they-think-of-next topics, the prospect that seemed to titillate a great many was that of a television-telephone, over which you might be seen in embarrassing circumstances.

The parties would be visible to each other, and, my goodness, there you'd be with practically nothing on.

It was by no means a silly idea. The no-stone-unturned-leaving Germans had such instruments operating by 1938, connecting four cities. But not home-to-home, and no one phoned and caught Gretchen clad only in a bath towel.

That joking early speculation hit close to the bull's eye in another respect. This sorcerer's dream, this ability to make men and women suddenly visible afar without their knowledge, has turned out to be one of TV's most beguiling and worrisome powers.

For people have not yet learned that they are likely to become television performers at any minute.

Suppose a TV cameraman pictures the crowd at some sports event. He is hunting for reaction shots, perhaps—joy in the east stands, dejection in the west.

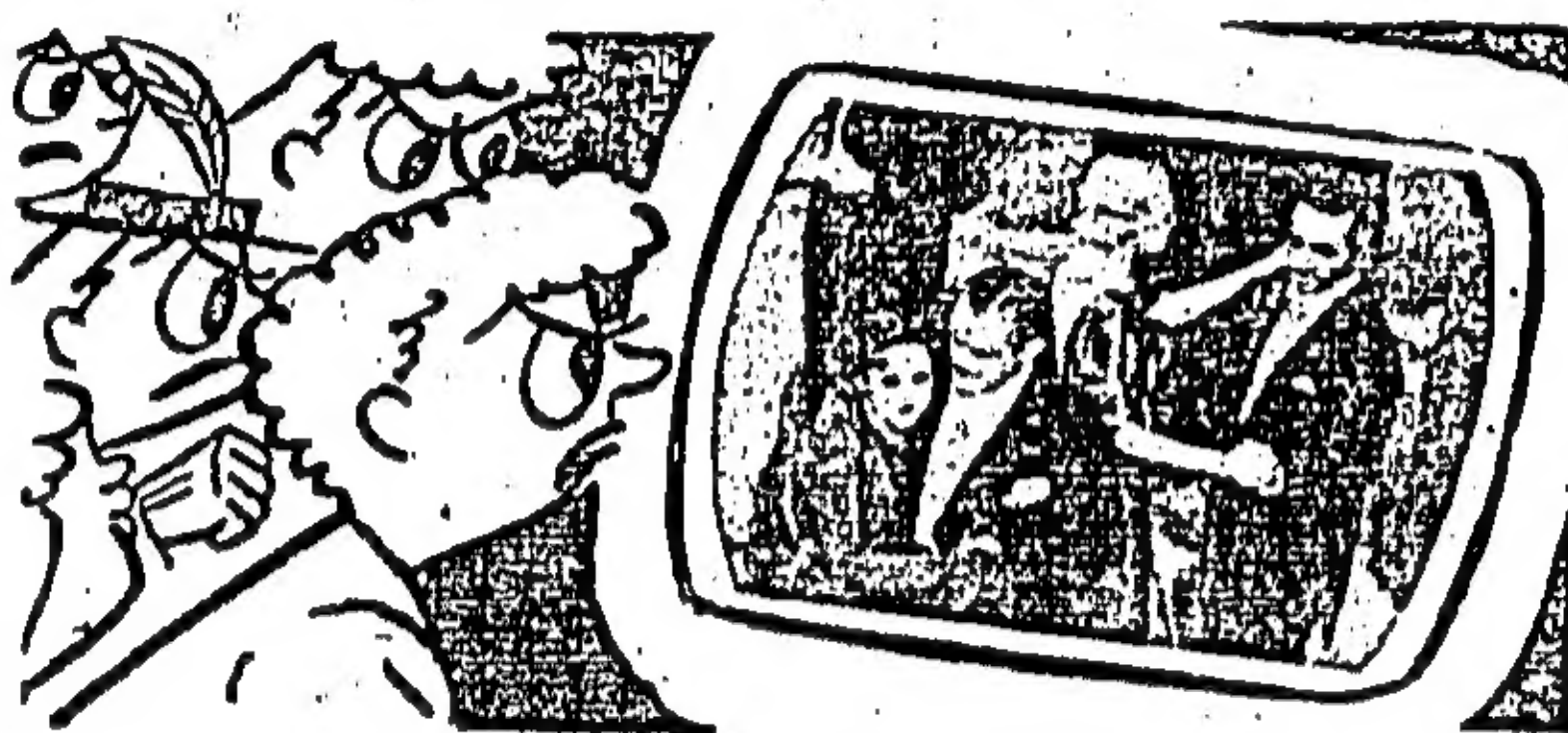
Or he may have nothing more in mind than to show that an awful lot of people left home work, and television receivers to come out here on this or that Arctic day.

If he halts a moment for a refreshing glimpse of two young girls in the east stand, that is likely to be the moment one of the girls fixes her gaze. It may be she thought no one was looking, forgetting that she might go on display in homes, clubs, and bar rooms.

Well, the cameraman can't stare, so he averts his electronic eyes. He hears the TV lawyer saying: "We're not just sure how we stand legally, oh points like this. Better not show anyone in an unflattering light. Probably we're all right, but let's play it safe."

The cameraman swings away and somewhere along this brief line he passes a handsome man of middle years, talking pleasantly with the girl next to him—she looks to be his daughter. "And back home this wife," remarks bitterly, "that Philip certainly makes friends readily."

Unofficially, it is a little hard on the man who may be caught wearing a whisky dash or waving at a girl not his wife.



TV may be watching

by ROBERT M. YODER

So television loses a friend, and possibly it gains a damage suit, although things are in a jumble on the score.

TV is the most remarkable battle-axe of all time, a fact that makes no one happy. Inevitably it is going to produce many a shemooze.

It isn't so much that TV treads unknown legal ground when it flashes a citizen's face and figure before his enemies, his boss, and his wife. Much of what seems over-caution is simply courtesy.

On one programme originating in night clubs, little cards are placed on certain tables. It is a warning that those areas will be in camera range. The friendly suggestion is that you haul out of there if you are supposed to be attending a meeting of the Historical Society.

The headaches, if any, are likely to be acquired out in the unpredictable world, on remote TV programmes reporting sports events or other news. The lawyers are not sure how far their fancy telescopes can go in showing people where they are, as they are.

One of the best minds among them works it out like this: "The man or woman who attends a public function probably surrenders to a certain extent his right to be left alone. He has a qualified right of privacy, but he doesn't have the unqualified right to remain unseen."

The man or woman who is televised watching a parade, for instance, probably can't complain, even if he or she shouldn't have been there.

"He must have known there was a chance somebody would see him. Television simply beats that chance. In this sense, TV is a force for good."



by ROBERT M. YODER

As TV reaches out hungrily for something to put on the air you will be under this fanciful, new surveillance more and more of the time.

The man who took his secretary to lunch had some chance to duck if his sister-in-law came in, as usually she did. There is no way of telling when television is looking.

"In don't believe anyone will have a cause for complaint if television shows him at an affair for which admission is paid—a prize fight or a football match, for instance—even if he hoped not to be seen there."

A case conducive to BOLDNESS involved a New Yorker who spied his, late in five feet of film in a movie crowd scene. He went to court, hoping to enjoy the showing of that part in which he appeared. New York had the first Right-of-Privacy statute, but the court would not help him.

Mockery case
A CASE conducive to CAUTION arose from a travelogue, a camera tour of New York. The camera paused for a long moment on a big-city character, a woman of no great charm who was peddling in a poor district.

To conserve energy in the summer heat, she was posing sitting in a chair—a shapely figure looking thoroughly beaten.

The lady sued and won. It was true no one had obtained her permission. She felt she had been mocked, and doubtless that had a bearing on the damages.

A case conducive to LAUGHTER featured the shy bubble dancer, Miss Sally Rand. Miss Rand had struck a photographer for taking her picture. She said in justification that if you take a bath, and charge admission to watch, you can't very well object if somebody takes a picture of you.

Television is a sort of lawyer's nightmare, or dream, though most of the terrors may be just about as harmless. A single shot, however, can contain the makings of three or four kinds of grief.

Suppose you televise a fat and funny passer-by, pausing before a store window. He's being used for the general amusement, but he's good-natured, and doesn't do anything about it. But in the store window there is a copy-righted map or picture, which shouldn't have been televised without permission.

And the thing gets a little fantastic if you assume that the passer-by is whistling a song TV should not have used without the song writer's sanction.

As the baroness said in the bath...

TOKYO. NO visit to Japan is complete without a night or two at a Japanese inn, and if the inn is at one of the hot springs that are common in this volcanic country, no night is complete without a visit to the communal bathroom.

This takes the place of the lounge in a European hotel, and everyone meets there in the evening for a gossip and a good old soak. Yes, everyone.

The American occupying troops are now usually given bathrooms of their own but when I explained that I was an English reporter, and not a G.I., I was invited to use the same bathroom as everybody else. An offer I accepted for professional reasons, of course, and not out of mere curiosity.

There are no actresses on the old traditional Japanese stage. The women's parts are taken by men, some of whom are said to be so natural that mothers send their daughters to them to learn deportment.

At the play

THE show I went to in Tokyo was a ghost play. A fellow took his girl friend into a wood, but they hardly sat down when who should turn up but the spectre of his former sweetheart.

This cast quite a gloom over the proceedings, and the three of them moved round the wood for about an hour with a break-neck speed of doped tortoises. It was the most eternally drawn-out triangle I've ever seen, but the audience loved it.

Ghost plays are specially popular in the summer because they make you shiver and so cool you down. In winter, when there is no heating, the audience shivers without any help from ghosts.

Naturally, one of the things the baroness asked me in the bath was what I thought of Japan, and I answered that it seemed to me to be the living image of the Japanese prints we see so much of at home.

Take Fujiyama, for instance. If Nature had set out deliberately to design a mountain suited to the peculiarities of Japanese brushwork she couldn't have done it better. In shape it is the perfect cone, rising (12,681 feet) from the plain, without a rival or peer in the neighbourhood.

I first saw Fuji from the B.O.A.C. flying-boat that brought us up from China. There were clouds as we approached and the pilot took us above them to give us a better view. There she was, the most famous mountain in the world, a picture of symmetry glistening in the sun.

Then we ran into cloud again and thought her lost until a few moments later she reappeared through a thinning haze, dressed, this time, entirely in pastel shades, with the previous sharpness of her contours softened by rain.

It was a lovely sight, but somehow not new. I'd seen it all before in pictures on a dozen drawing-room walls.

The same thing applies to the rest of the country—where it hasn't been bombed, industrialised, or plastered with "No Parking" notices by the occupying Powers.

To look at the azaleas growing wild, at the picturesque stunted pines, and the artistically whimsical shells on the seashore, you'd think that the normal evolutionary processes of botany and biology had been replaced by a system under which only the artistically fittest forms of Japanese life were allowed to survive.

Turning from the natural beauties of the country to those of artificial origin, the baroness and I next discussed the original three cherry-blossoms which I have now seen—that neither hear, speak, nor see evil. They are carved in wood on a temple building at Nikko, one of the beauty spots of Japan.

They don't sit bunched together as we see them in the cheap models at home. They are climbing about an artistic tree. The one that won't listen to evil is some distance from the others, and the fellow with his hands to his eyes has turned his head away so that, even if he is tempted to peep through his fingers, he won't see the other two.

Living snow

WE also talked about cherry blossom, the baroness and I in our bath. The main display for which Japan is famous was finished when I arrived, but there were a few trees in bloom in the mountains on the way to the spa.

They were lovely enough to give you an idea of what the country must be like during those four or five days when the whole land seems to be covered with drifts of living snow.

And so, having got thoroughly soaked, the ex-baroness rose from the bath and, deftly manipulating her towel, bowed herself out, remarking as she went how glad she was to have met me.

"Don't mention it, Baroness," I said. "It's been a pleasure to bath with you."

Just for the record I think I ought to tell you that she was a grandmother several times over, and old enough to be mine.

(London Express Service)

Bernard Wicksteed in JAPAN

The bath itself was like a miniature tiled swimming pool about six feet square and smelling slightly of bad eggs, as spa water frequently does. When I entered the room there were four people sitting immersed to the necks and in many more lounging round the edge.

Through the steam

VISIBILITY wasn't perfect because of the steam, but I know that my facts are right when I say that they weren't all men. However, when in a Japanese bathroom do as the Japs do, I say. So in I jumped, and found myself, talking to a baroness. She told me in charming English that she wasn't a baroness really, as all titles have been abolished in Japan since the war.

I replied that I was sure there wasn't. (I always agree with baronesses in the bath, or otherwise, don't you?)

From titles we got on to the Japanese theatre. ("Been to any good shows, Baroness?" I asked). Although they are not as diverting as the bath, Japanese theatres have their charms. For one thing, the scenery is often changed while the acting is still going on, the scene-shifters wearing black

Shown up

THVIT can blab to Marge that you were out with Janet, it can show the Smiths that the Joneses could easily have got seats for them at the football match.

It can show a customer that if you expedited his order, as promised, you did it from the time he can inform your wife that the away-from-home conference included an informative session at the Club Hotch.

It can show constituents, by pure accident, that their folksy old M.P. stops at mighty flossy hotels once he leaves the home town.

You may as well start getting used to it.

(London Express Service)

HE HAS THE BIGGEST SECRET IN THE WORLD

NEW YORK. HOW would you like it if, when you dozed off idly on a scratchpad while telephoning, a guard leaned over your shoulder and with a "Now, now, Sir" look on his face snatched the doodle away and burned it, just in case your subconscious had been revealing things it shouldn't?

Or if you were routed out of bed in the middle of the night and rushed down to the office because one of the typists had left a chewing-gum wrapper on the floor and there was some pencilled writing on it?

That, among other things, is what it means to be David Lillenthal, (pronounced Lillian-Tall) boss of America's Atomic Energy Commission—the man with the world's biggest secret.

HE KNOWS

Lillenthal, six feet tall, 40, fast going bald—and no wonder, he says—a veteran public servant and now once again the epicentre of a Congressional typhoon, carries in his head the Secret of Secrets: How many atom bombs the U.S.A. possesses, and where they are.

He knows how many are being manufactured and how long it takes to put them together.

He knows just how many thousand times more powerful they are than the one that flattened Hiroshima or the one that sent that fantastic mushroom soaring into the sky at Bikini.

But, like most of the rest of us, he doesn't know any too clearly what makes the thing work, though he has to pretend to understand the scientist's elaborate jargon.

The result of what he does know is that, after a lifetime of talking over the day's work with his wife or an evening, just like any other man, he has had to give that up. He no longer dare tell her where he has been all day, and she dare not ask. He even thinks twice before telling her what he had for lunch.

Trouble and David Lillenthal are old acquaintances. He has been in the thick of it for 16 years, as long a run for a top-level public official as Washington can recall.

A PERSONAL FIGHT

Two years ago he fought and won another round with those same interests when they dug every obstacle they could in his way to prevent him taking over at AEC.

Since the day he walked into his present job, not a day has passed when he has not, in the midst of his real work, had to battle hard behind the scenes with the powerful groups who want to wrest atomic energy out of the hands of the civilians and hand it over to the military.

Through those 16 years David Lillenthal has grown hardened to attack. "I always keep my suitcase packed," he says now. "All public servants are egg-walkers. We learn to tread warily."

The current uproar in Congress, largely a personal fight between Mr Lillenthal and the Iowa Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, who doesn't care whether Lillenthal is fired or resigns so long as he goes, centres around security within AEC. With 70,000 workers and 1,270 separate factories, laboratories, mines, offices and test areas, this is a wide field.

AN OUTCRY

The trouble began when it was disclosed that AEC had awarded a \$400 fellowship for studies in physics to an alleged Communist, Hans Friesdorf.

A committee of Congress (both houses were in on it) questioned Lillenthal about it. He conceded it was probably a mistake to assist a Communist's studies, but said that Friesdorf's work was not going to afford him access to anything confidential, anyway.

Then there came an outcry over the disappearance of

Senator Hickenlooper says that Mr Lillenthal has been guilty of "incredible mismanagement and maladministration." Mr Lillenthal says it isn't so, and furthermore that Senator Hickenlooper's charges are unfair, a smear campaign against him, and an attempt to raise the bogey of impending calamity.

AWAY FROM IT ALL

In the old peaceful days of Tennessee, Lillenthal liked nothing better than the long horseback rides through the mountains alone. He has no time to ride now, and has sold his horse. Most of the time he works seven days a week. He gets to his desk by 9 a.m. and several times a week is there until 8.30 p.m.

"I can sleep 16 hours a day when I'm on vacation," he says, "but I find I don't sleep well when I'm on the job."

At odd times Lillenthal tries to get away from it all by gardening; at the moment he is laying out a formal garden at his new house in suburban Washington.

"Worst thing about the job," he says, "is the secrecy. Nature gave me the sort of face that reflects the emotions and the thoughts. I've had to discipline myself and change all that."

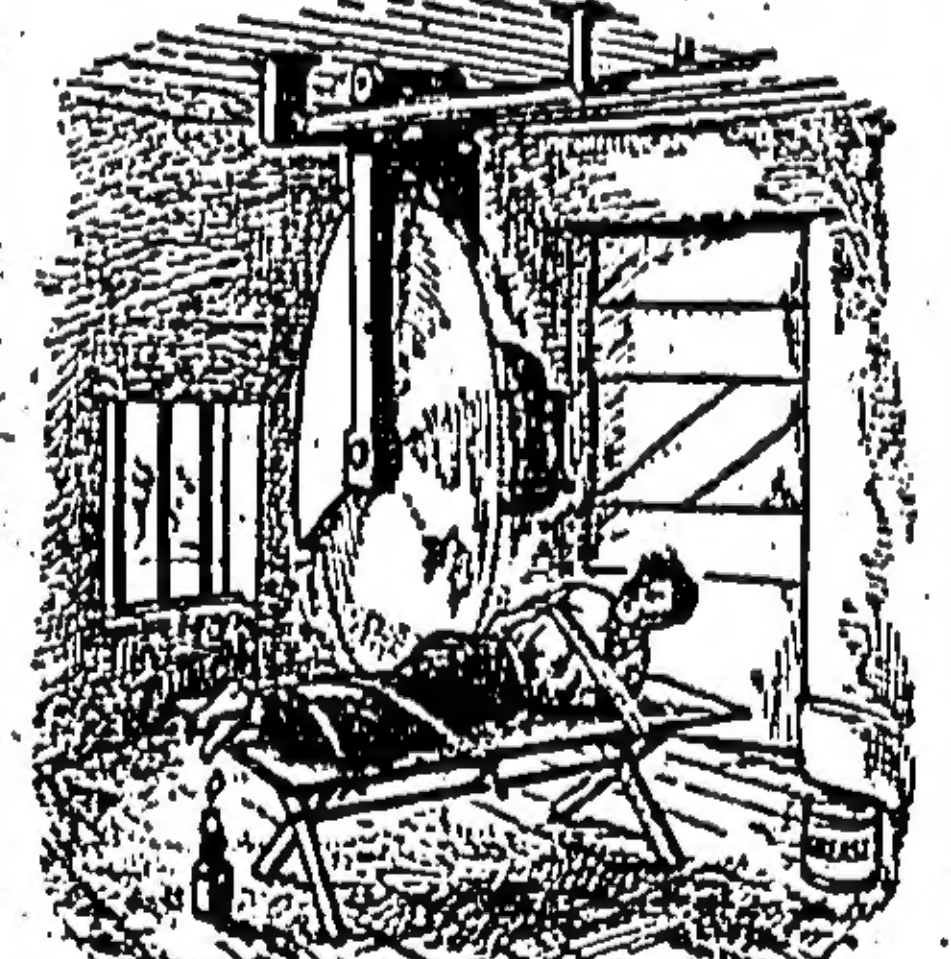
"Now I have developed the fishy stare. I've plucked the depth of reluctance to the point where I can't tell anybody what I say that matters. But even now I say it. But those who think I shall crack under the strain are wrong. Why, my blood pressure today is exactly what it was in 1934."

Get Him Out of This! No. 6

by ERNEST DUDLEY
(The Armchair Detective)

MENING LAYNE, vaudeville female-impersonator, is in the coils of alluringly evil May Hemm and astrophically handsome Skull Duggery, two-time illusionists who have turned blackmailers.

Snip Carton, insurance Agent on the trail of May and Skull, tracks them to a



derelict saw-mill by the marshes bordering Golden Green. May and Skull trap the unsuspecting Snip Carton, stunning him with the post-Budget news (false, of course) that beer is to be nationalized and given away free. They rope the unconscious Snip Carton to a table.

Then Skull conceives a fiendish plan. Using elbow-grease (and some other grease from an old tin), he sets the machinery going that drives the great circular-saw. He pushes the table with Snip Carton tied to it in front of the advancing saw so that he must inevitably be sawn in half.

May, who always had an eye for showmanship for the act, insists that Snip Carton should be fully conscious to meet his doom. So she puts a lighted candle beneath Snip Carton's bare feet.

Snip, glancing out of the only window, with dim-apart iron bars, notices the marsh-floods rising rapidly. With cruel satisfaction he calculates that in half an hour all traces of his cold-blooded crime will be utterly submerged.

Advancing May to stop plotting and make a dash for it, Skull and his accomplice exit in a flash amid diabolical laughter, triple-looking the heavy door behind them.

The candle-flame revives Snip Carton—insurance Agent—who comes to with the ghastly circular saw whirling ever nearer. And the marsh-flood outside rising ever higher. So once again it's up to YOU to GET HIM OUT OF THIS! All the clues are in the picture.

Continued on Page 12

(London Express Service)



WEDDING BELLS

Top picture was taken outside the Registry, Supreme Court, on Wednesday after the wedding of Dr Louis Ramondt and Miss Rosalie Hendrika Franziska Wiljans. (Francis Wu)

Immediately above is a group taken at the English Methodist Church last week on the occasion of the wedding of Mr Roy B. Anderton and Miss Esther Lloyd Davies. (Ming Yuen)

On the right are Mr and Mrs Vicente Sayson leaving St Andrew's Church after their wedding last Saturday. The bride was Miss Julia Chey, a member of a well-known Hongkong family. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



OVER a thousand officers and men of the 27th Independent Infantry Brigade arrived in Hongkong on Tuesday in the troopship Empiro Halladale, being the first substantial reinforcements to land here since the decision was taken to strengthen the Colony's land forces. The arrivals included the 1st Battalion, Royal Leicestershire Regiment. Pictures here show the troops disembarking and in barracks. Lower left: The GOC, Major-Gen. F. R. G. Matthews, chatting with Lieut-Col. T. Hamilton, Highland Light Infantry, who was OC Troops on board. Lower right: Some of the WRACs who came by the same ship. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

SOME scenes taken at the King's Birthday reception at Government House. Right: Mr Tiburcio C. Baja, Philippines Consul, and Mrs Baja, being greeted by HE the Governor and Lady Grantham and Mr A. V. Alexander, Defence Minister. Below: The Misses Aileen and Doris Woods. Below right: Air Marshal Sir William Elliot conversing with Admiral Sir Patrick Brind. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



AND FROM ENGLAND TOO



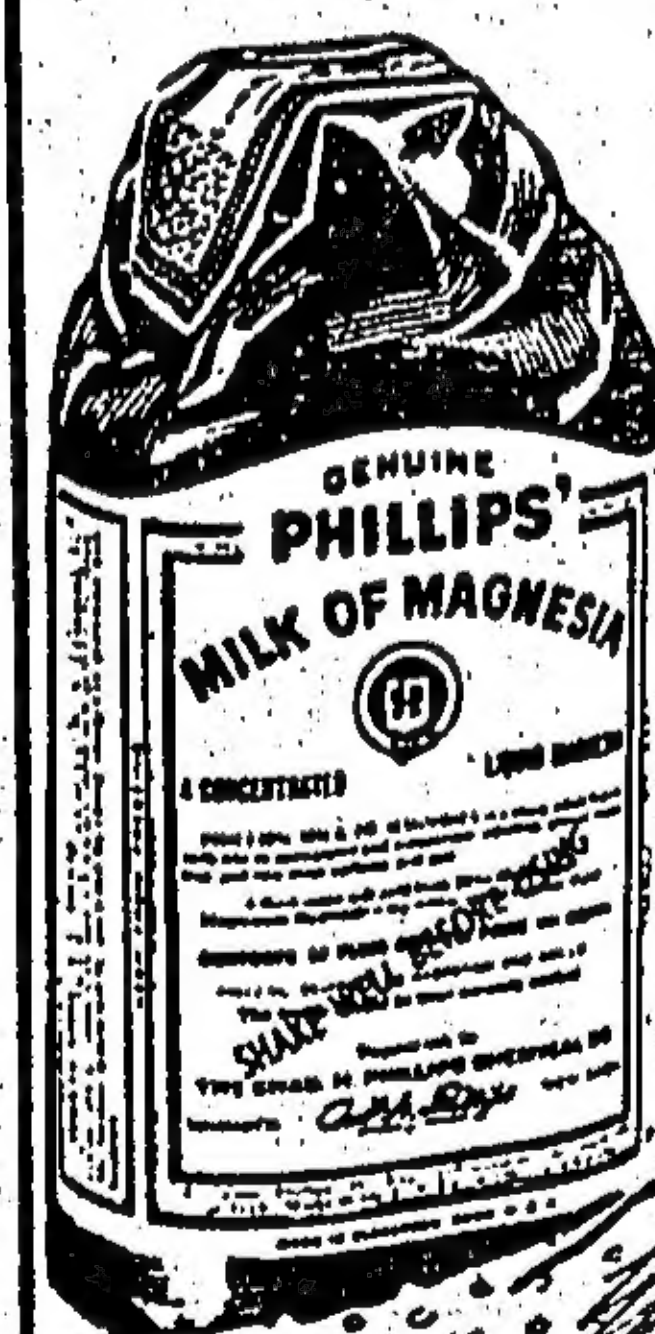
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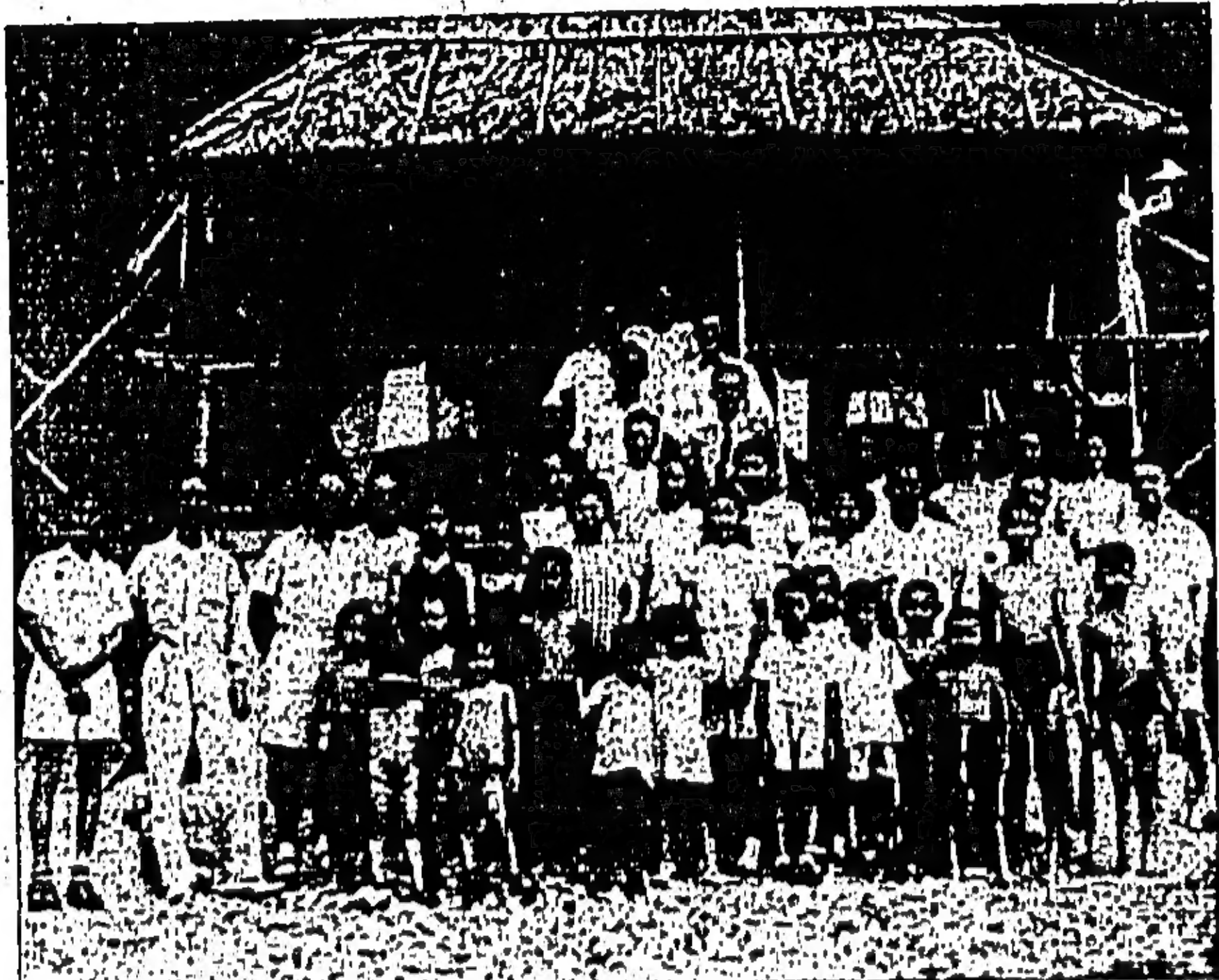
PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA IN LIQUID AND TABLET FORM



HONGKONG'S new Colonial Secretary, the Hon. J. F. Nicoll, paid his first visit to the Tung Wah Hospital on Tuesday. Mr Nicoll is seen in picture on the left addressing the gathering present after an inspection of the hospital. Above, the Hospital Directors, staff and visitors pose for a group photograph. Front row, from left—Mr Singnam Choy, the Hon. T. N. Chau, the Hon. I. Newton, Director of Medical Services, the Hon. J. F. Nicoll, Mr Lam Hau-tak, chairman of the Hospital's Board of Directors, the Hon. B. C. K. Hawkins, Mr Chung King-pui and Mr T. R. Rowell. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Thomas Garner and Miss Tatiana Sokoloff photographed with friends outside the Registry after their wedding last week. (Ming Yuen)



MEMBERS of the Hongkong Y's Men's Club and their families who attended the opening of the Club's swimming shed at South Beach last Sunday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR J. Barrow, District Officer, presented awards at Wednesday's passing out parade of the Hongkong Chinese Training Unit, held at Lyemun Barracks. Above and at right are two pictures taken on the occasion. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR A. V. Alexander, Defence Minister, met members of the Hongkong Defence Force during his recent visit. Left: Mr Alexander answers a question from a member.



SOUTH China Morning Post and Chinese Recreation Club small ball teams, who met in a friendly game last Sunday. The former won by four goals to one. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR William W. F. Chu and his bride, Miss Lillian Zia, whose marriage took place at the Hongkong Hotel recently. (Francis Wu)

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In background is Col. L. T. Ride, the Commandant. Above: the Defence Minister greets members of the Women's Auxiliary. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



OFFICIALS of the Hongkong Ping Pong Association and players who took part in the competition which has just ended. The matches were played at the Chinese YMCA. (Golden Studio)



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Training a British Spy-Saboteur for the Secret Service

The manor of mystery under the Hog's Back: The school in Scotland and the house in the New Forest

How they were taught to kill, to live,
and tested for their resistance
to the wiles of women

Jerrard Tickell told last week of how "Special Operations Executive" came secretly into being in an office in Baker-street, London, in the autumn of 1940, to select and train in secrecy special agents to be infiltrated into Occupied Europe, and particularly France.

Their task was to foster underground warfare, direct sabotage, and recruit and organise the armies of resistance.

He described how a typical recruit, Lieutenant John Smith, R.A., a French speaker, was mysteriously summoned to a flat in Portman-square, given the name "Felix," and sent to a secret training school.

by JERRARD TICKELL

WANBOROUGH MANOR stands under the Hog's Back, three and a half miles out of Guildford. First mentioned in Domesday Book, the house was burned down in 1500 and rebuilt as a rest home for those on pilgrimage.

In its long history, it is doubtful if its walls ever sheltered a more remarkable band of pilgrims than those who arrived in the desperate 1940s.

Felix and his companions—all British agents in embryo—were welcomed by the school's commandant, Major Roger de Wesselow, of the Coldstream Guards. They assembled for a talk by the security officer.

Because they appeared to possess certain qualifications, they had been chosen, he explained, to undergo special and highly secret training.

In no circumstances must even the slightest hint about the nature of that training leak out, even to wives, parents, and . . . er . . . girl friends, if any.

Identities must vanish; Christian names only would be used.

French would be spoken at all meals. Use of the telephone either in or out of school, was strictly forbidden. They were volunteers. If at any time a student felt uncertain, or even unenthusiastic, all he had to do was to have a word with the commandant.

EXPERT in taking morse

There would be no recriminations and no harm done. He would just go. Early-morning P. T. revealed the presence of some hitherto unsuspected muscles. Every student was issued with his own morse buzzer, and practised until he could receive in 12 words a minute.

Advanced map-reading, unarmed combat, revolver shooting, were followed by training in the use of a variety of weapons until the student learned to handle a German Luger as dexterously as a Colt.

WATCH on his drinks

The theory of explosives was taught indoors, and demonstrations with plastic hand grenades and six-inch bricks took place in a chalk quarry.

Students were paired for the night compass march of some 10 miles—with members of the staff lurking en route to trap the noisy or careless wanderer.

Field craft was learned in the wide countryside. A French infantry captain taught the linguists the routine of the French barracks square.

A French chef reacquainted palates to the taste of garlic. As the linguists studied the curriculum, the staff studied the linguists.

Mess bills were meticulously scrutinised—for the beguilingly well stocked bar was a search-light on temperance.

Seemingly casual conversations with the staff were analysed and dissected. Manoeuvres, habits, reactions, tastes, interests—all came under the microscope.

The candidate was judged for resourcefulness, initiative, patience, but above all for his now near British agent's settled in the last burning.

He started to learn how to be a civilian again. Not a civilian with a bowler hat and striped trousers, but a civilian with a price on his head, a transmitting set under his arm, and a detonator in his waistcoat pocket.

The veil, already transparent, was lifted for him at last. Felix was to be infiltrated to carry out a mission of extreme delicacy and danger.

Let him be under no delusions as to the danger. He was told that one false move, one careless word—and the best he could hope for would be a quick, clean death.

How did Felix feel about it? He was still a volunteer—and a married man with a son.

The answer, though the line of thought was a reacquainted thought, was a simple one. In France Felix would adopt a new identity and submerge himself utterly in it.

He was told that a whole name or role he assumed, his first duty was to live inconspicuously.

The Gestapo also had a duty and they performed it with a diabolical efficiency. It was their task to force the agent to live inconspicuously.

How could they be outplayed in this lethal game?

PHONE calls were tapped

The Gestapo used two measures, preventive and detective.

To prevent the agent from doing what he wanted to do they had established a multiplicity of controls.

There was a constantly changing system of checking identity cards, a ban on travel between certain hours, a censorship of letters, a round-the-clock tapping of telephone calls.

The man or woman who broke these rules were automatically suspect . . . and the problem immediately became one of pure detection.

The transgressor was watched, shadowed, ringed round and finally interrogated—either politely or with the aid of a rubber truncheon.

The Gestapo were determined to find out why M. Gerard Dubois was a telephone addict, travelled widely and wrote a daily letter to his fiancée in Annecy—and they were without scruple as to method.

HOW to tell a "good" lie

In the peaceful New Forest Felix learned how to divert Gestapo suspicion. He must at all costs avoid the "hush-hush" attitude.

He must be unobtrusive, in dress, speech, behaviour; he must be the epitome of the normal.

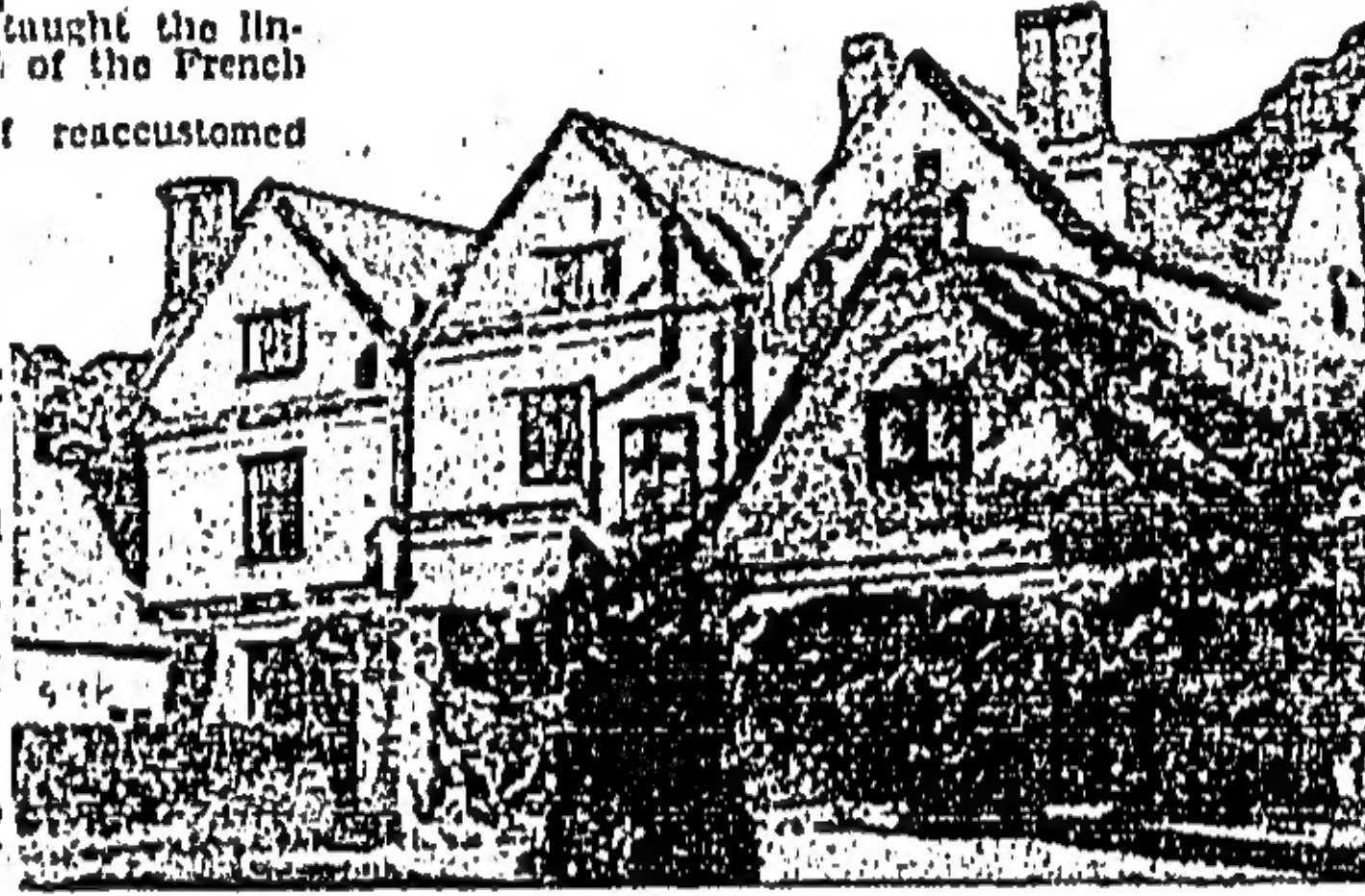
He must know the regulations governing work, travel, ration cards—and the black market price of eggs in Amiens; he must memorise the four days in the week when alcohol was served in cafes and the three thirsty days; he must instantly recognise the ranks, flashes, and functions of every German who wore a uniform.

He must be as sharply conscious of being looked at as a child and as sensitive to hostile interest. He must be trained to develop an animal awareness of being followed.

By mock interrogation, he must be taught how and with what verbal modulations to tell the convincing lie.



MAJOR ROGER DE WESSELOW—Commandant at the manor of mystery.



WANBOROUGH MANOR—A place of secrets.



"Above the roar of the engines, he heard the despatcher shout 'Go.' He shut his eyes and dropped stiffly through the hole."



THE ABELLS OF BRISTOL
Major C. F. Charles, Major G. H.

FAMILY PROVIDE KEY MEN OF THE AIR

A T Filton, Bristol, where the great Brabazon airliner will soon be tested, and where in an adjoining hangar BOAC's transatlantic airliners are overhauled, there are three key-position engineers known to all as "The Filton Family Abell."

Two of them are with the Bristol Aeroplane Company, the third with BOAC.

Mr Charles Abell, 38-year-old youngest member of the trio, started in aviation as fitter with Imperial Airways.

He rose from the bench to the job he now holds, manager of the BOAC line who fly the transatlantic Constellations, and later this year will be flying the new Stratocruisers as well.

The professional method of picking a lock or a pocket was taught him in accordance with the most up-to-date information gained from the residents of Parkhurst and other of His Majesty's prisons.

He must know how to spread a rumour, how to exchange passwords, money, and messages, develop a certain skill in imitating handwriting—expert forgers taught him that—how to code and decode how to kill silently—and to die silently.

One last test lay before Felix. He was given a false identity and sent to a town in the Midlands.

There he should establish contact with a stranger by means of passwords and, in four days, time, return to the school with a rough sketch plan of the local Spitfire component factory.

Only as a last resource in case of serious trouble should he produce a letter, asking that a certain telephone number be rung up.

"Good luck, Felix," said the commandant, smiling.

By Thursday, the school had the most detailed evidence as to how Felix would react to two different sets of circumstances. They knew the exact degree of his susceptibility to feminine wiles to test him and how he stood up to tough interrogation by genuinely suspicious constabulary.

Felix, British agent, took train to London.

Colonel Maurice Buckmaster sat on the edge of a desk in the flat in Portman-square, swinging his legs. He spoke in French.

"Go home for a week's leave, Felix. Report back to me here at 11 a.m. on Friday. All clear?"

"Yes," Felix hesitated. "Should I say goodbye to my wife, sir?"

"No, no. Say 'au revoir.' But it may be some time before you see her—or your son—again."

(World Copyright).

NEXT WEEK
"Armand," the itinerant watchmaker, drops into France.
London Express Service

FOR THE SERVICES

NEWS FROM HOME

CIVIL DEFENCE CORPS:

ENROLMENT of men and women in what is to be called the National Civil Defence Corps will begin in October. A code of regulations to establish this Corps has been presented to Parliament by Mr. Cautley Edle, Home Secretary, together with some general regulations. These regulations are the first to be made under the Civil Defence Act of 1948 and they will apply to England and Wales. Others that have also been tabled deal with Scotland. Soon after the Whitsun recess they will have to be approved by both Houses of Parliament.

First step is the organisation of Local Forces of the Corps which, broadly, will fill the role assigned to the Civil Defence Services in the last war. Recruitment in peacetime will be voluntary, no one will be paid, and any man or woman will be entitled to resign at any time. A uniform will be worn. No age limits have been settled.

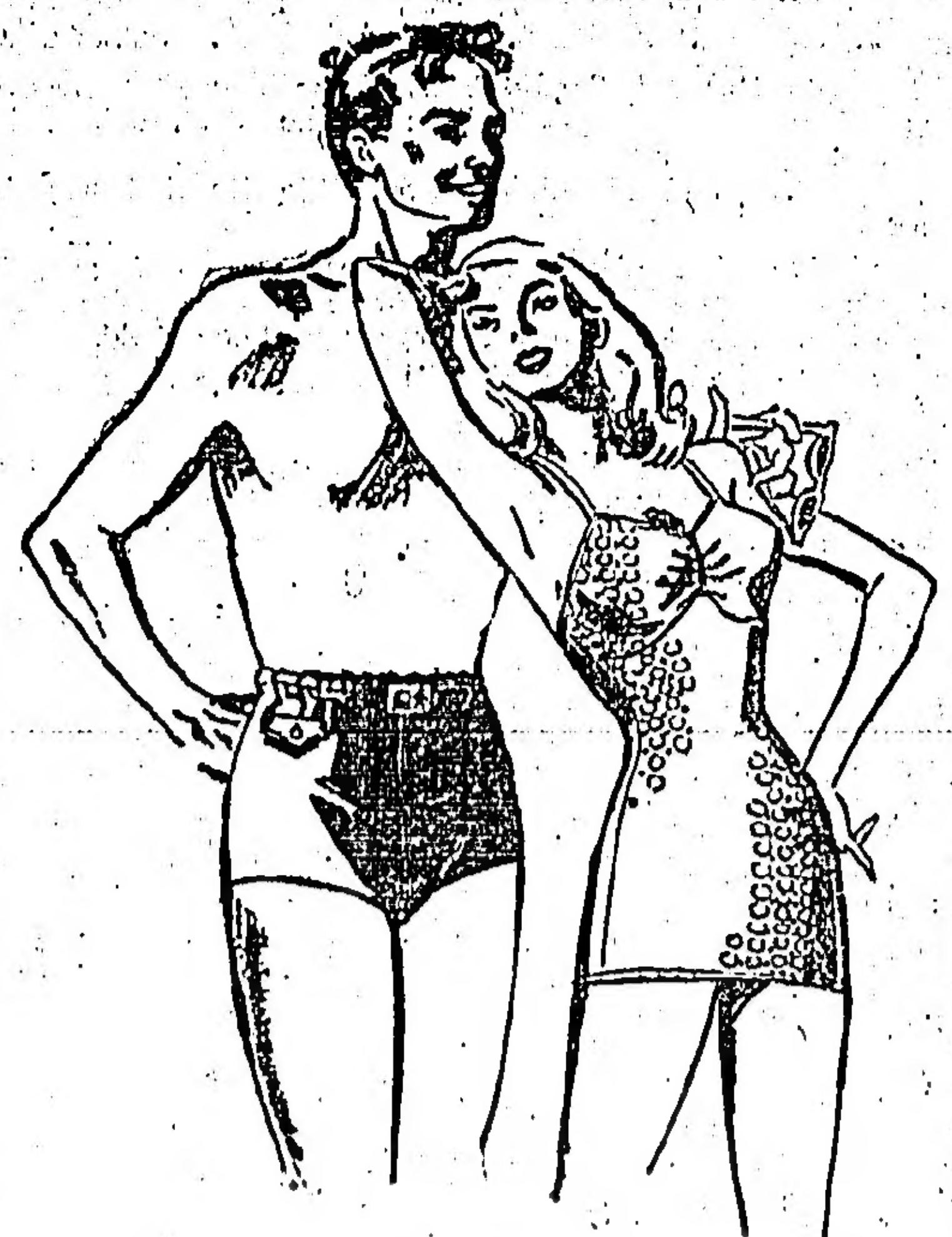
As there is no expected emergency these preparations are not urgent, and there will not be enough qualified instructors for the Corps to get going before the autumn. Two training schools for instructors are already functioning at Falsfield and Easingwold—and a third is to open at Tynmouth Castle, Perthshire. Later there will be a fourth. This modern training takes into account the possible effects of Atom Bombs and other up to date weapons.

Divisions of the Corps will be organised by the councils of Counties, County and Metropolitan Boroughs and County Districts. Complete agreement has been reached between the local authorities and the Home Office on the administration of the service, and when the time comes the recruiting will be done by the authorities.

Should war come the part-time volunteers will be supplemented by a whole time service. There may also be reserves organised. These would be centrally controlled and would probably consist of whole-time people organised in mobile columns and read for duty anywhere in the district.

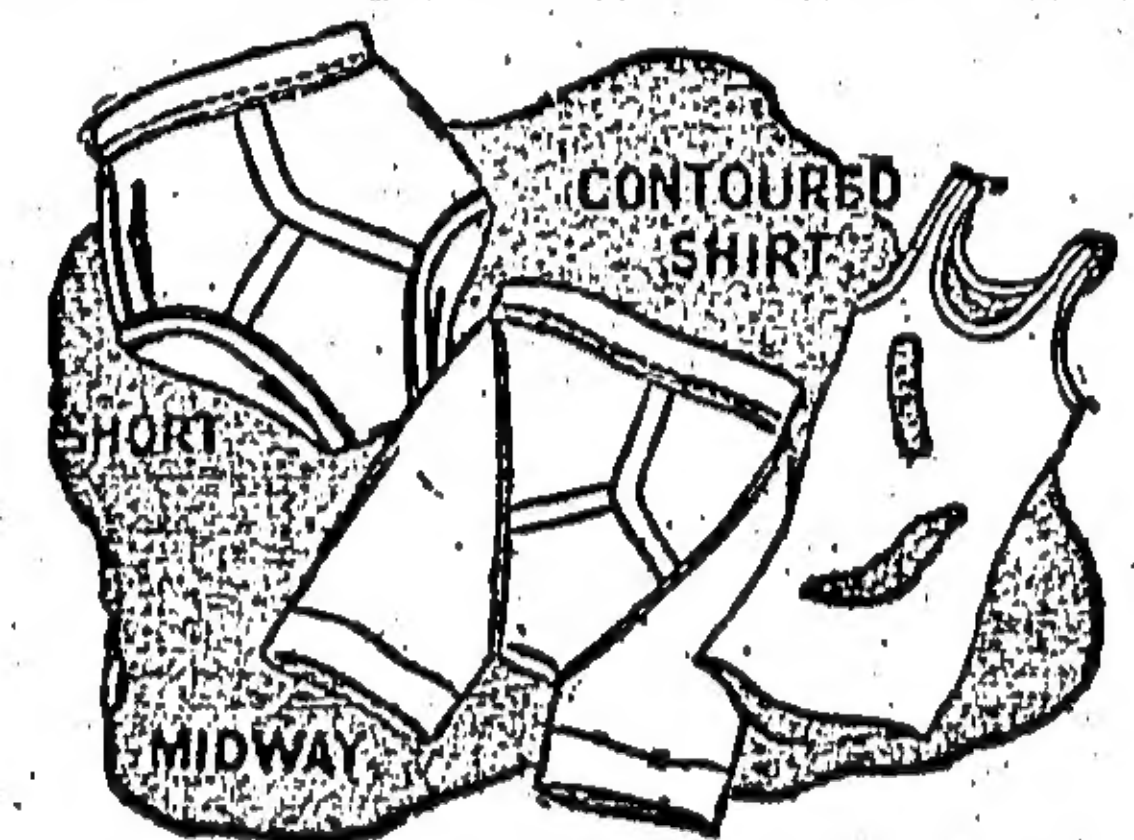
Although the regulations must come before Parliament, mobile columns and ready for at once to local authorities with guidance about possible provisional plans.

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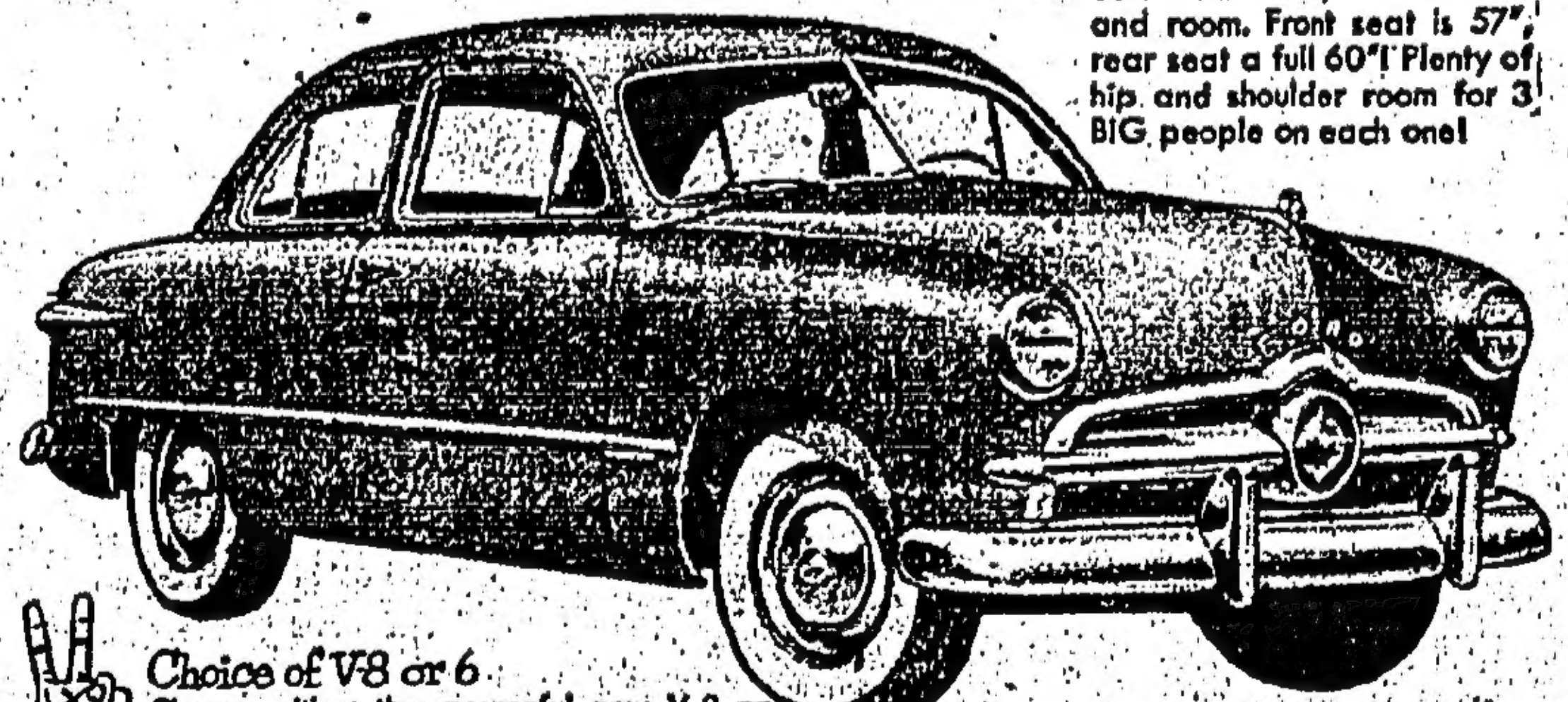
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ALAN HOBY'S COLUMN

IS BRUCE WOODCOCK
A WORLD-BEATER?

As the vast, floodlit bowl of the White City emptied the other night one question was on everyone's lips: "Who put the hate into Bruce Woodcock's soul?"

Perhaps they didn't express it quite that way but that's what they meant.

Last December we had seen a nervous, apprehensive, back-peddling character we could scarcely recognise as Woodcock toss a flurried stream of powder-puff punches at the American, Leo Savold.

We had seen the Englishman win writhing on the canvas. And we didn't like what we saw.

And Solomon says: "People saw the eighth, ninth, and tenth rounds of the world all rolled into one."

TRANSFORMED

Not so long ago Woodcock sat blindfolded for six months in a chair, grimly nursing an eye injury.

On Thursday, June 2, the same man was transformed into a cold, scowling killer. Here was a man with murder in his heart and a poleaxe in his right glove.

A man who on the form which bludgeoned and battered Freddie Mills nearly out of his senses can be the next heavy-weight champion of the world.

How? Why? What has got into him? Why is a fighter who is written off as finished one moment a world-beater the next?

LEN HARVEY'S TIP

Sane, sensible Len Harvey, one of the cleverest champions this country ever produced, spoke what I thought were the wisest words on the Woodcock enigma.

As Bruce ducked out of the ring with the cheers of a delighted crowd echoing in his ears, Len said to me: "Bruce always had the boxing. And when he got in that ring and fought an Englishman—he has never lost to an Englishman, only to Americans—all his old confidence returned."

"Woodcock has everything. As an old boxer I can tell you that every fight is 70 percent psychological."

"If Woodcock goes into his slam with Savold in the right mood he can beat him and put British boxing and dear old Britain right back on the map."

IT TOOK TIME

Significant of the reincarnated Woodcock's new outlook was his remark to promoter Jack Solomon when he got to his dressingroom:—

"Well, are you happy, Jack?" "Yes," said Solomon. "Are you?" "You should be for tonight, form, you can lick anyone in the world."

On Thursday, in contrast, we don't realise it is like to go back into the same ring where you had your jaw broken, Bruce had to do that against Lee Oma. Most men wouldn't have attempted it at all.

"Even the finest driver in the world drives a little more carefully when he passes the spot where he had a bad smash. It took Bruce time to come back."

What Woodcock needs now is for some little faith-healer to keep on telling him that he can beat any Yankee, just as he whipped Mills.

BRILLIANT COMMENTARY

It was certainly one of the fights of the century. People who listened to Stewart Mac-

Arthur Peall says:

GRANTHAM amateur J. B. Thompson began a game of billiards by cutting red into the left top pocket and then made a break which left him with a 70 break. His friends and how he made it. He said it was the most unusual, although it has been done before.

W. J. Peall, once known as a tame and went on to win with an unbeaten 100 break. He returned to the table and succeeded again, thus scoring 100 points without his opponent playing a shot.

Present rules and the 20 hazard limit do not tend to give red ball breaks. A split at this old-fashioned spot-stroke, sinking red alternately into the top pockets, will improve your position.

(London Express Service)

Pherson's radio commentary tell me it was brilliant.

"Stew" had to rush by special car straight to the ring-side from his "Twenty Questions" broadcast.

He had 15 minutes to do it, and was still wearing make-up when he enthralled you all over the air.

Finally, here's my personal memo on an unforgettable evening. Forecasting fight results these days is about as easy as getting a glass of water in a night club.

I confess I picked the wrong man—and begging pardon, Freddie Mills's pardon, I am delighted to have been proved wrong.

Now it is up to Bruce. Will we see the Wildcat Woodcock against Savold next September—or will it be the baffled and bewildered Bruce who faced up to him last time?

On the answer to that psychological question depends whether Woodcock will be the first Englishman to win the world's heavy-weight crown since Bob Fitzsimmons turned the trick 52 years ago.

WATCH SCHROEDER

The three greatest lawn tennis players in the world today are the American trio, Jack Kramer, Bobby Riggs, and evergreen Donald Budge. Wembley's World Professional Championships have proved this, if nothing else.

I asked the good-looking, mercenary Riggs whom he thought would win if professionals and amateurs could compete in one slam-bang free-for-all at Wimbledon.

"Kramer or me," he replied promptly. I agree.

Then he added, more seriously: "But there's a guy coming

over to Wimbledon this month who is the most exciting player I personally have ever watched.

"Ted Schroeder is the name. I've already tipped him to win the men's singles."

IN BARE FEET

Riggs, who was on the table being massaged while we talked, suddenly sat up and added:

"Take it from me, Schroeder is the greatest overhead shot-maker in the world. He'll beat Gonzales." According to Riggs, Schroeder is also "the most bombastic player I know. Once when he was playing Dinny Pails in the Davis Cup he first took off his shoes and played in his socks. Then he took off his socks and played in his bare feet. Then he got a bit excited, and threw his racket in the air."

"When he made some more bad shots he got down on the grass and took the blades between his teeth. He also beat his head on the ground."

"Afterwards he asked me if I thought he had behaved badly. I replied: 'Actually, Ted, outside of eating grass and bowing to the West and North and beating your head on the ground, I thought your court manners were perfect!'"

WIMBLEDON EIGHT

Maybe Riggs was laying on the "colour" with a trowel. He swears not, but somehow I don't visualise Mr Schroeder "doing a Falkenberg" at Wimbledon.

Meanwhile Riggs has already seeded his Wimbledon eight. Here they are:—

Schroeder, Parker, Bromwich, Drobny, Gonzales, Falkenberg, Sturgess and Patis. Best outsider, Sedgeman.—London Express Service

(London Express Service)

Baseball Grows More
Popular In Britain

Baseball has a growing popularity with the British public and there are thousands now playing and watching the American game. Go to Hyde Park, London, for instance any evening and you will find several matches in progress and hundreds of people watching.

Moreover, permanent equipment in the shape of stone boundary walls and wire netting have been erected. The American Embassy staff turn up there in full force three or four evenings every week. There is in being a National Baseball League and it will surprise you to know that it boasts one hundred clubs.

They operate in such widely flung centres as London, Cardiff, Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Dundee, Hull, Leeds and Manchester, to quote just a few. As each club has an average membership of about 50, there are 5,000 players. League and club organisers never expect the game to expand much more but those who follow it are quite satisfied at getting their own enjoyment out of it. Nevertheless a publicity campaign is to be started to see if more recruits can be enlisted.

SANDY SADDLER

Coloured Sandy Saddler of New York City, who held the world's featherweight championship for exactly 103 days earlier this year, flew into London on May 24 to fulfil his engagement with Irishman Jim Keery on the Woodcock-Mills bill at the White City on June 2.

Black as the Ace of Spades, his name is really Sandy, christened thus by his parents when they worked for a Scotsman in the West Indies where Sandy was born.

That makes him eligible for the Empire title held by Ronnie Clayton. He is a quiet, modest,

softly-spoken lad very much like the Williams.

He has had 107 fights, lost only seven and won 70 by knock-outs. He kayaked Willie Pep for the world title in seven rounds but just over three months later was persuaded into a return fight and lost it on points. He and his manager are confident they can regain the world crown after Saddler has had three warning-up fights in London, Paris and Dublin.

This White City programme was the biggest ever put on in London and Jack Solomon was at war with the BBC over its broadcast.

The BBC offered £250, which Solomon says gave about £40 to each boxer. It was not enough. He was willing however to give £500 to charity if the BBC did the same.

Henley Royal
Regatta

Britain's popular Henley Royal Regatta will take place this year on the following four days: Wednesday, June 20, Thursday, June 21, Friday, July 1, and Saturday, July 2.

BREATHING SPACE



With his head bent low between his knees, his gloves resting on the canvas, Freddie Mills, the cruiserweight champion of the world, sits on the ropes and snatches a few moments' breathing space during his fight with Bruce Woodcock, the British, Empire and European heavyweight champion. Nearly fifty thousand spectators at London's White City Stadium saw Woodcock retain his titles by knocking Mills out in the fourteenth round.—Daily Express Photo-graph.

GOOD EARLY SEASON
PERFORMANCES AT
BRITISH GAMES

By "RECORDER"

Looking over the summaries of results at the British Games at the White City on Whit-Monday, one can only remark at the wealth of good performances turned up, by British athletes among others, at what is, for Europe, about a third of the way through the athletic season.

The United States won the international match with 63 points. One could hardly expect the Americans to lose and they turned out first stringers from the point of view of their winter indoor season, the team consisting of the National AAU indoor champions.

Britain, except for the sprints, and the jumps, also turned out her champions and finished second with 52 points. The four other European countries, it is curious to note, remained, except for an occasional star, content with turning out teams of their second and third bests.

They finished in the order—France, 39 points; Belgium, 32 points; Holland, 28 points; and Norway, 17 points.

One British All-Comers; two British National and one English Native record were set.

With a wealth of good performances by British athletes, the outstanding one surely was that of D. O. Finlay who, at 42, ran the 120 Yards High Hurdles in 14.8 second for third place.

Finlay ran for Britain in the Olympic Games at Los Angeles in 1932 and he has now, at one time or another, run against nearly every hurdler of international repute in the history of modern athletics.

Except for Canada's Earl Thompson, none before him was of the standard of his era and it still takes an exceptionally good American to beat him.

Bill Nankerville in the Mile and Harry Whittle in the Low Hurdles turned in the two most promising performances of the day.

Unusual Honour For
Scottish Athlete

A young Scottish athlete, Ronald MacLennan, of Edinburgh, who is completing a year's course as a physical training instructor at Fredensborg, Denmark, has received a rather unusual honour. He has been given a place in the team which is to represent Denmark at the Ljungby, the Scandinavian gymnastic gathering, run on Olympic Games lines, which will be held at Stockholm in July. MacLennan, who is only 24, has served as a staff-sergeant with the Physical Training Corps of the British Army, and was 18 months in West Africa.

High Jump
1. D. Phillips (USA) 6' 10" 1/2; 2. R. C. Pavitt (GB) 6' 2"; 3. A. Paulson (Norway) 6' 1"; 4. I. Heinrich (France) 5' 11"; 5. G. van der Hoeven (Holland) 5' 8"; 6. W. Herrens (Belgium) 5' 6".

Long Jump
1. H. Douglas (USA) 24' 2"; 2. I. E. Askew (GB) 22' 11 1/2"; 3. R. Bobin (France) 22' 8 1/2"; 4. M. Nankerville (Holland) 22' 0 1/2"; 5. M. Wauters (Belgium) 20' 11 1/2"; 6. K. Toksund (Norway) 20' 0 1/2".

100 Yards Dash
1. W. J. Dwyer (USA) 10 seconds; 2. F. Linsen (Belgium) 10.2; 3. J. Kieyn (Holland) 10.3; 4. J. A. Gregory (GB) 5. R. Litau (France); 6. M. H. Hansen (Norway).

220 Yards Dash
1. W. J. Dwyer (USA) 1.9 seconds; 2. L. C. Lewis (GB) 22.0; 3. F. Linsen (Belgium) 22.3; 4. J. Lammers (Holland); 5. R. Litau (France); 6. M. H. Hansen (Norway).

440 Yards Run
1. A. S. Wint (GB) 47.2 seconds; 2. D. Bolen (USA) 47.3; 3. G. Sackway (Belgium) 49.7; 4. H. de Kroon (Holland) 50.0; 5. G. G. France) 50.8; 6. J. Svendsen (Norway) 51.0.

880 Yards Run
1. F. Fox (USA) 1 min. 53.0 sec.; 2. M. Cline (France) 1:54.0; 3. H. J. Parlett (GB) 1:55.2; 4. J. Brys (Belgium) 1:56.4; 5. A. Boysens (Norway) 1:56.5; 6. A. Kist (Holland) 1:58.0.

One Mile Run
1. M. Itanem (France) 4 mins. 10.0 sec.; 2. F. Wint (USA) 4:10.7; 3. G. V. Nankerville (GB) 4:13.2; 4. R. Everaert (Belgium) 4:14.8; 5. Van Royen (Holland) 4:25.2; 6. F. Eckhoff (Norway) 4:25.2.

Two Miles Run
1. D. G. Wilson (GB) 9 mins. 15.0 sec.; 2. C. Stone (USA) 9:15.7; 3. J. Vernier (France) 9:17.0; 4. F. Herman (Belgium) 9:28.0; 5. H. Harting (Holland) 9:29.4; 6. R. Haglund (Norway).

One Mile Medley Relay
(880, 440, 220 & 220 Yards)
1. United States (Bolen, Fox, Douglas & Dillard) 3 mins. 25.4 sec.; 2. Great Britain (Parlett, Wint, Gregory & Lewis) 3 mins. 30 sec.; 3. Holland (Kist, de Kroon, Kieyn & Lammers); 4. Belgium; 5. France; 6. Norway.

120 Yards High Hurdles
1. H. Dillard (USA) 14.4 sec.; 2. A. Marie (France) 14.0; 3. D. O. Finlay (GB) 14.8; 4. G. van der Hoeven (Holland) 15.2; 5. P. de Sype (Belgium); 6. E. Arnoborg (Norway).

440 Yards Low Hurdles
1. H. Whittle (GB) 58.7 sec.; 2. H. E. Askew (France) 58.3; 3. V. Cros (France) 59.3; 4. A. Kiem (Norway) 59.2; 5. Van Eden (Belgium); 6. J. Bakela (Holland).

Is Any Player Worth
£15,000 Tax Free?

By PETER DITTON

Dennis Compton, England's cavalier of cricket, is losing some of his popularity, and through no fault of his own.

As usual, money is the root of all evil. This is his benefit year and the "collect for Compton" campaigners are aiming to raise £15,000 for the Hendon born lad who has done more, in the post-war era, to maintain the traditions of English cricket than any other player.

You might ask "well, why should Compton lose some of his popularity just because this is his benefit year?" The answer is that so much publicity has been attached to his benefit that people are becoming a little weary of it all. They have read or heard so much about the £15,000 target which must be reached that they are becoming a little marked.

Remember, a cricketer's benefit is tax free because it is a gift. Therefore every penny that Denis Compton receives will be his to spend or bank. Sir Stafford Cripps can make no demands upon it as he does when a footballer receives a benefit. And if Denis receives £15,000 that will represent an earned income for the year of £445,000.

It is of course completely wrong to work on this basis because Denis will probably only have a benefit once in his career. Nevertheless that is what people are doing. They are asking themselves why they should contribute money to a man who stands to make more in one year than they can hope to make in a lifetime. And if this attitude prevails, the Middlesex player is likely to get a much smaller sum than was at first anticipated.

But the point remains, is any sportsman worth £15,000 tax free? When this question is put thus bluntly, there are few people who can answer "yes." Once upon a time, if a player received a £500 benefit, he was considered extremely lucky. Times have changed and money values devalued. Last year, Cyril Washbrook, the Lancashire and England opening batsman received £8,000 for his deeds on the cricket field.

SUPPORT FOR HUTTON

Next year it is Len Hutton's benefit. His supporters, so it is claimed, have made up their minds to better the amount which Compton will receive. When this sort of thing happens, of course, the position becomes farcical. No one begrudges a professional cricketer his benefit. He is an entertainment artist and compared with other entertainers, a poorly paid one at that. But when it becomes a question of "Whatever you get we will better"—then it is time to draw the line.

Can anything be done about it? I say yes. Why not allow each club to have a benefit for all players once every five years. Individuals as such would not be considered but the ability of the team would still be recognised.

A player good enough to hold his place in a county eleven could hope to qualify for perhaps four or five benefits during his career. A player just coming into the side for occasional matches could be given a percentage but such a player in any case could not hope to qualify for a benefit.

Where Football Is Hard Work
African prisoners in Northern Rhodesia regard football as hard work, says the Colonial Office in London, quoting the Northern Rhodesia Prison Report, 1947. When the prison staff organised games, a team of prisoners asked for pay.



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'Marry Again' Smiled His Dying Wife

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF COVENTRY PATMORE. By Derek Patmore Constable, 18s.; 250 pages.

THE first Mrs Coventry Patmore was, on the evidence of this amplified life of the Victorian poet, the best of the lot and the most discerning.

Dying, she bade her husband re-marry (it must have been said with a whimsical smile) and warned him that the priests would get him. The widower, journeying to Rome, found that the cardinals were the most agreeable of company and recalled that Roman Catholicism was the religion of gentlemen.

An even stronger argument presented itself when he met the lovely Miss Byles, who had promised never to marry and would scarcely break her word in order to wed a Protestant. Late one evening, Patmore ran round to a Jesuit house, insisting that the matter be put right without delay.

Then a new obstacle appeared. Miss Byles was (to his astonishment) an heiress—

THIS POET STILL SETS A PUZZLE

by George Malcolm Thomson

that he was the very mildest soul that ever buzzed in so high a place.

The poet was a typical domestic tyrant of the period, uxorious and self-willed. In politics, he was a patriot who feared the French, hated the Germans and helped to found the Artists Rifles.

He was a Tory who detested Disraeli and taught his son to say "Damn Gladstone."

The second Patmore marriage was placed—too placed maybe. Into it there came a clever, poor, ambitious girl named Harriet Robinson, a school friend of Patmore's adoring daughter Emily. A complex psychological situation now unfolds.

Harriet becomes a governess in the home. Patmore's interest in her grows. Emily takes the veil, and dies. "The joy she felt at the thought of death was quite ecstatic."

Mrs Patmore dies. Patmore builds a large church in her memory and, in sixteen months, Harriet becomes the third Mrs Patmore.

But life and love were not finished with the poet. An old man, he was captivated by the brilliant Alice Meynell; very soon, could not pretend that his interest in her was literary.

On this culminating episode in Patmore's life, the new edition of Derek Patmore's biography is illuminating.

Mrs Meynell, faced by Patmore's existence, sent him away, deeply wounded. George Meredith reigned in his place. To the poet women's companionship had always been essential; from it, at last, he took the sharpest hurt of his life.

The most searching questions about Patmore have still to be answered. Meanwhile, here comes a most readable provisional verdict on his difficult character.

"DEREK PATMORE, author, playwright, broadcaster, a journalist, great-grandson of Coventry Patmore, born in London, 1868; educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; worked as a bookkeeper, stage hand, foreman in a radio factory, taken prisoner June 1916, escaped, and with his wife reached Venezuela via Spain, now living in U.S.A."

WORLD WITHOUT VISA. By Jean Malaguis. Gollancz. 12s. 6d. 499 pages.

DWELLING in the pages of Jean Malaguis's novel is like travelling in an imaginary train overcrowded with unwashed people who have no

tickets. At any moment, the inspector may come along. In the meantime, the passengers fight, philosophise at the top of their voices and make eyes at one another's womenfolk. Nobody will open the windows. Nobody knows where the train is going.

The scene of World Without Visa is the Marseilles underworld during the war. Many of its inhabitants have false names, false political pasts and no passports. Upon them police pounce in search of Jews, democrats, Communists.

Nothing is quite what it appears to be on the surface. A canny making concern named Sucor is in fact a hideout for fugitives. An American Quaker relief organisation is, in fact, engaged in shipping hunted people out of the country. Even the Vichy police inspector Espinasse is playing a double game.

And the charming old Italian colonel (who is not a colonel) sells forged old masters for dollars so that refugees may be rescued. His granddaughter, the lovely Karen, carries on a high class love affair with Pauline, a Vichy official who thinks he is using the girl to send money to New York. The money, once again, goes to finance the work of rescue.

There is no central figure, no hero—many brave people, in power, confusion, ugliness, pain. An overflow of vitality into verbosity, delirium. As a portrait of a community under the terror, the sickly terror of Vichy, World Without Visa comes. But it is a weaving book.

JEAN MALAGUIS, professor's son, born in Vienna, 1901, went to sea as deck-hand and dishwasher, worked as a miner, factory hand, toughshore mechanic, circus hand, lawyer's clerk, bookkeeper, stage hand, foreman in a radio factory, taken prisoner June 1916, escaped, and with his wife reached Venezuela via Spain, now living in U.S.A.

THE BEST DAYS. By Hugh Massingham. Cresset Press. 10s. 6d. 372 pages.

THE downfall of the righteous has an especial savour for the unregenerate, and the naughty person is a standard theme of fiction.

"Globe" Dawson, that pompous, modern vicar, begins to growl around Piccadilly because he believes his son Ron is in bad trouble with the police.

Very soon, Bob is prowling for another reason. She is called May and is a vicious little prostitute. Bob thinks that his new-gained experience of life (i.e., sin) will make him a better servant of the Church. Plainly, the Bishop is not going to think so.

Massingham succeeds well enough with his minor characters. But Bob is a mere stock figure. And about the central theme there is too much vice and too little sin.

(London Express Service)

SO THIS IS LOVE

(among the intellectuals)

SHE CAME TO STAY. By Simone de Beauvoir. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d. 431 pages.

A MINX she is. A minx she remains. Simone de Beauvoir does her best for the girl, tries to convince us, on the word of a score of witnesses, that there is something worthwhile about Xaviere.

But, in the end as in the beginning, we see nothing but a graceful young cat idly clawing at the cushions in somebody else's drawing room. When she turns on the tap of the gas-meter, despatches Xaviere to the next world, we feel that justice has been done.

It was folly of Francoise, the novelist, and Pierre, her lover, to admit the girl into the life which they share with so much confidence and affection—and with so few restraints.

But it never occurred to them that they had anything to fear from a discontented child, from her stubbornness, sensuality and her sturdiness. Yet by the mere fact that they asked her in, were they not acknowledging some lack in their own relationship?

Once Xaviere is across the threshold, that ancient constellation, the Eternal Triangle, rises ominously into the night sky over Montparnasse. And if anybody supposes that the emotional permutations among two women and one man (with a little outside help) must be quickly exhausted, little does he know of the ingenuity of Simone de Beauvoir.

Francoise loves Xaviere. Xaviere makes a play for Pierre. Pierre and Xaviere unite in being sorry for Francoise. Francoise thinks how nice it would be to seduce Gerbert, Pierre's protégé. Xaviere does seduce Gerbert.

P. F. and X. make no claims on one another. P. F. and X. are consumed with jealousy. P. F. X—Oh, well.

This author watches her characters with the alertness of a seismograph; she records every tremor in violet ink on a graduated sheet. When she describes a lovers' tiff, it is like a running commentary, by an expert for experts, on a slow-motion wrestling match.

This is love among the intellectuals. Passion among the dilettantes. Jealousy in the theatre-world of Paris in the months before the war.

People drink much. Talk much. Talk endlessly. Talk brilliantly. Talk only about their love-life. Analyse their emotions with the rage of the priests of Baal cutting themselves with knives and lancets. And all the while, down goes Val 49 the period, the Deco-jobs. And the war creeps nearer. Theatre empty. Pierre begins to think war might be a good thing. I can understand that.

He will not go to the States. Gerbert would gladly go to Santo Domingo. As for Xaviere, she goes on making her friends unhappy, false, more frustrated. Until the night when Francoise can tolerate no more and marches resolutely upon the gas-meter. About that time, Hitler could not tolerate any more either.

It is my opinion that, if you go to the Domes in Montparnasse, you will see a man and a woman. Both will have been in the Resistance. With extraordinary intelligence and at great length, they will dissect Xaviere, and they will drink heavily. But not, I think, Val 69.

Pierre did not go to America. A subtle, incisive study of emotions and motives, with a sensitive feeling for the character. A wee bit monotonous.

FIRST NIGHTS AND NOISES OFF. By Beverley Baxter. Hutchinson. 21s. 239 pages.

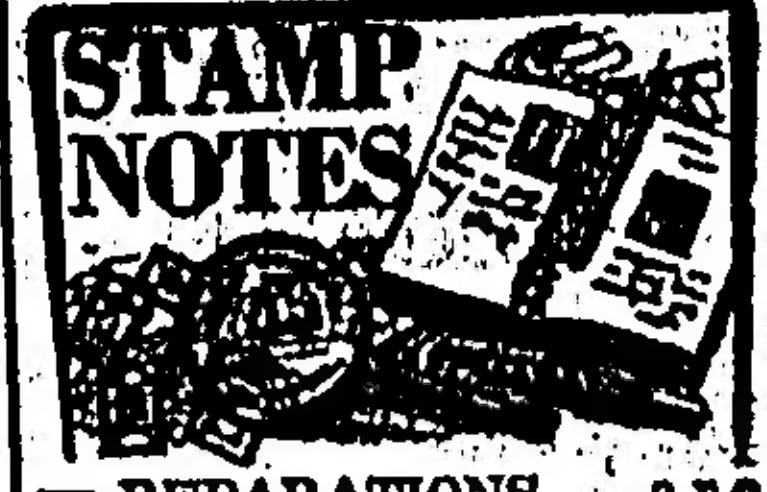
THAT journalism should be enjoyable—readable even—two years after its first appearance is a triumph usually achieved by accident. Baxter brings it off because he cares enough about the theatre to hit hard and enough about words to write well.

His discourse here is of good acting in plays already forgotten, of bad acting in immortal drama, and of those rare occasions in life when the theatre and players are matched in excellence. Baxter can rise to those rare occasions (consider him on "Wald's Lear") and can rise above the rest.

He combines the urbanity of the stalla with the piercing forthrightness of the gallery. He is a moralist with a soft side for everything but pretence. He buzzes about the theatre like a wasp who has no prejudices, but believes that stings are for use and not ornament.

What zest and entertainment this nimble-witted critic transmits from his adventures in Shaftesbury Avenue—GHE.

(London Express Service)



PREPARATIONS are being made in Stockholm for a representative exhibition of Latin-American stamps, opening on October 12, in commemoration of Columbus Day.

All Latin-American countries will be represented, and a committee has been formed, under the auspices of Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf, to arrange details of the exhibition. The site of the exhibition is to be at the Swedish Postal Museum, and Swedish postal authorities are co-operating with Latin-American co-ordination committee to make the event a success.

Interest in South America has been growing in Sweden. Two clubs have opened in the Swedish capital where South Americans can meet, and Spanish and Portuguese are spoken by Swedish guests.

WHEN Postmaster Perot issued his open black penny stamp, the first in the flower-and-sunshine islands of Bermuda—he did not dream that



today, 100 years later, it would be catalogued at £700. He simply removed the date and month from the handstamp he used for post-marking letters and wrote in "One Penny" and "W. B. Perot."

Now Bermuda has issued a set of three stamps which embody his design. They are 2d., brown and blue; 3d. blue and black; 6d. green and violet.

The sixpenny, pictured here has three blossoms on the left; the others have two.

SWITZERLAND has issued four new semi-postals whose additional funds will go to bolster the national youth welfare organisation. The "Pro Juventute" stamps consist of the 5-centime plus 5 violet, with a portrait of Gen. Ulrich Wille, commander-in-chief of the citizens' army during World War I. The 10c plus 10 green, grey and yellow shows foxgloves; the 20c plus 10 brown, red and yellow pictures the Alpina rose and the 30c plus 10 blue, grey and orange shows a paradise lily.

From Here and There:

They're Cashing In On The Kar Kitty

NEW YORK: A new get-rich-quick craze, the kar kitty, has arrived. It is played in the same way as the pyramid club—every new member has to introduce eight new dues-paying members—but the prize for reaching the top of the pyramid is a new car instead of cash.

Radio pirate: Post Office radio detector vans are hunting for a radio pirate who has been answering ground control as if from aircraft pilots and has been giving instructions to pilots as if from ground control.

TV—Home breaker: Television, touted as the possible saviour of the American home, was cited as grounds for separation by a New York wife, Mrs Betty Jo Hill. Her charge—"My husband deprived me of his love and companionship by devoting himself exclusively to watching television programmes..."

Snook in demand: A flourishing black market in fresh snook, now arriving in the harbours from overloaded fishing fleet, has shot the price up 2/3d. per fish above the controlled price

of 6s. Fresh snook is a delicacy which sold before the war at 4d. per fish. Mixed with rice, it is the staple diet of the coloured population.

Opinion: NEW YORK: After watching a wren swinging on a clothes line while someone else built the family nest, the reader writer of the Decatur (Illinois) Herald decided that the wren must be a government housing expediter.

Not on Sundays: CAPE TOWN: Four policemen appeared at a tennis club on Sunday and confiscated the rackets, balls and nets and took the names of the players for possible prosecution under the Sundays Observance Act.

Jumbo caused chaos: CAPE TOWN: Hearing a crash at the door, coloured patients in a Calcutta hospital looked up and saw an elephant coming through the ward. Most of them dived under the bed, and all shrieked. The elephant wandered about, drinking lime juice from the bedside, then entered a private ward where a doctor looked round and saw the elephant. He shoofed it out.

Coincidence? BRISBANE: A record number of prisoners watched a film shown in Brisbane. The film told the story of Barabbas, the biblical thief.

Eventually the circus next door missed the elephant and came around to collect it, but by then many patients were heading for home.

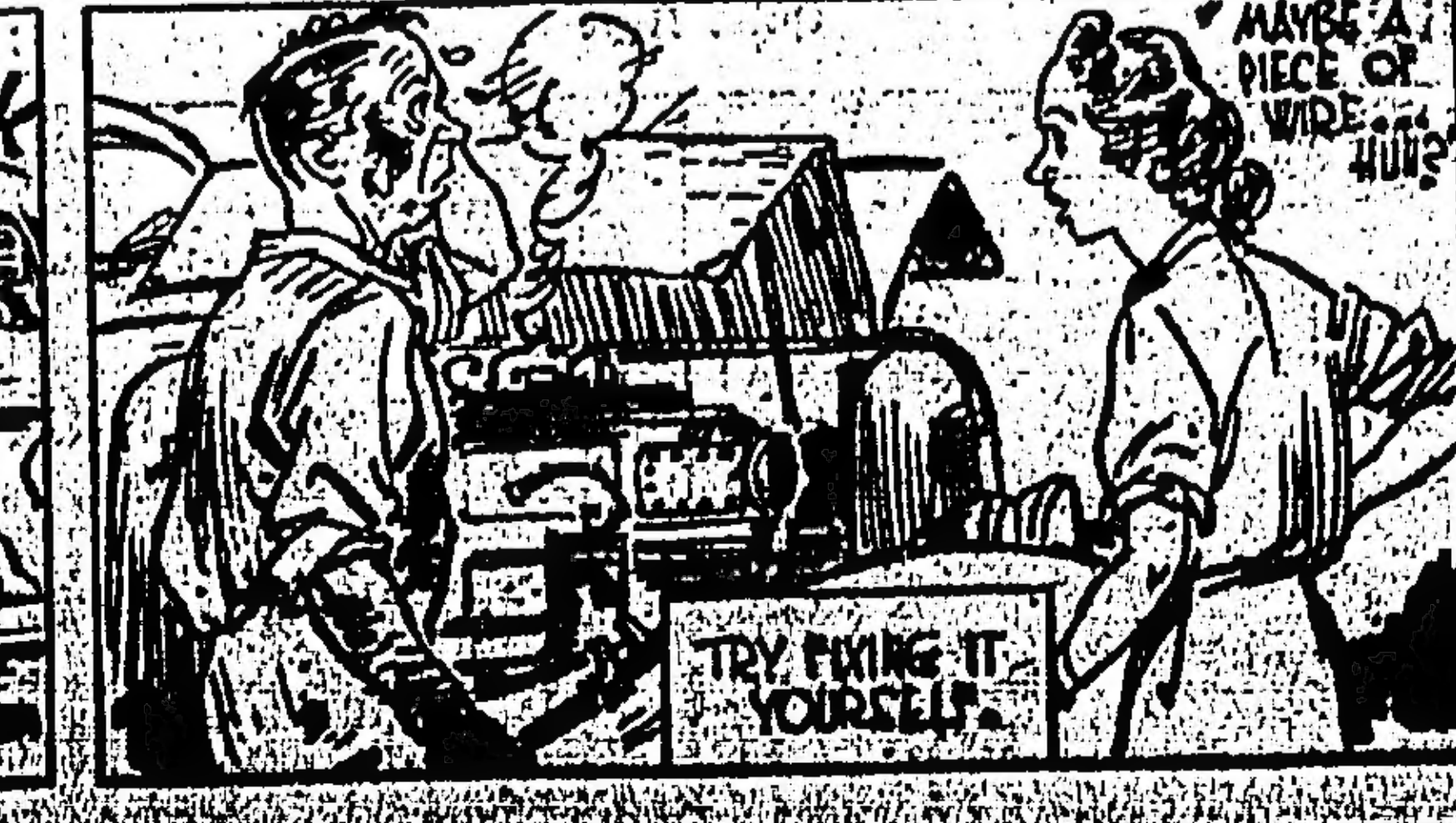
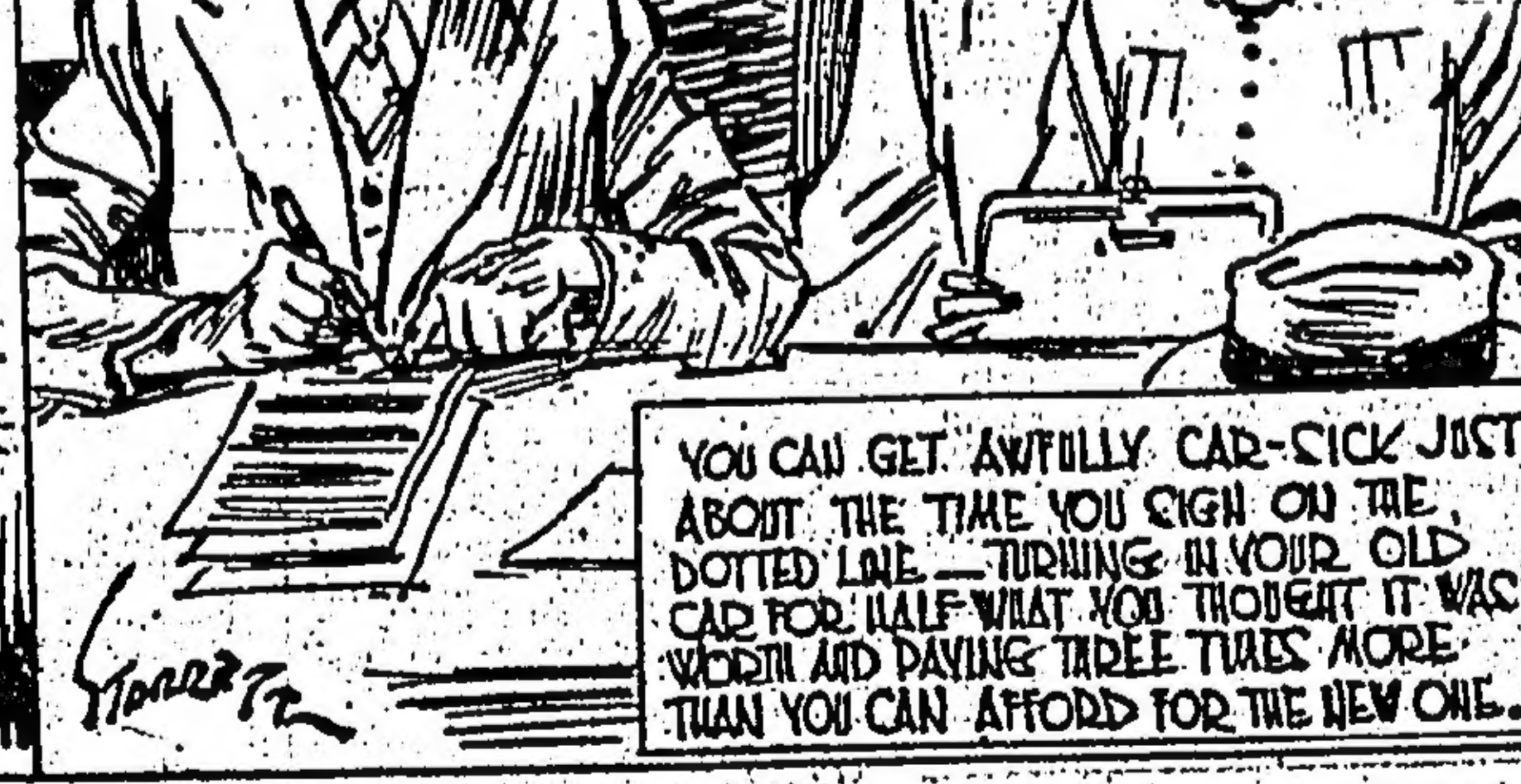
No spine pad? NEW YORK: On sale in New York shops soon, priced at £2, will be a sun helmet with a built-in radio. Its advertised virtues—"You can listen to your favourite programme while fishing, gardening, watching baseball or sitting in the park with baby."

More Leg: NEW YORK: American women will show a little more leg this season. Slits in skirts—ranging from four to nine inches in length—in the back or up the side, are predicted for the Spring.

Red menace: MADRID: A crimson sea monster, the length of three men and wearing what appears to be a pair of horns, has been seen by fishermen in Bilbao waters several times. Intely. All fish have disappeared from the area. Patrol boats are constantly on the look-out.

Incident? BRISBANE: A record number of prisoners watched a film shown in Brisbane. The film told the story of Barabbas, the biblical thief.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



CECIL
HILL
HONG KONG
38083

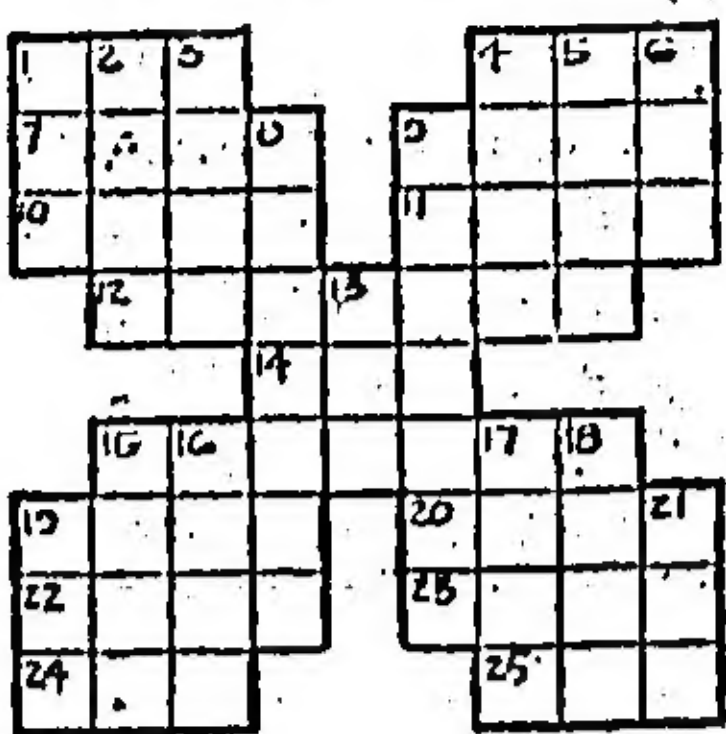
SPORTS

STORIES

PUZZLES

MENTAL GYMNASIUM

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Mongoose
- 4 Conclusion
- 7 Indigo dye
- 9 Above
- 10 Heap
- 11 Not as much
- 12 Vexatious
- 14 Ocean
- 15 Hailed
- 16 Portal
- 20 Merit
- 22 God of love
- 23 Greek porridge
- 24 Seine
- 25 Foreign agent

DOWN

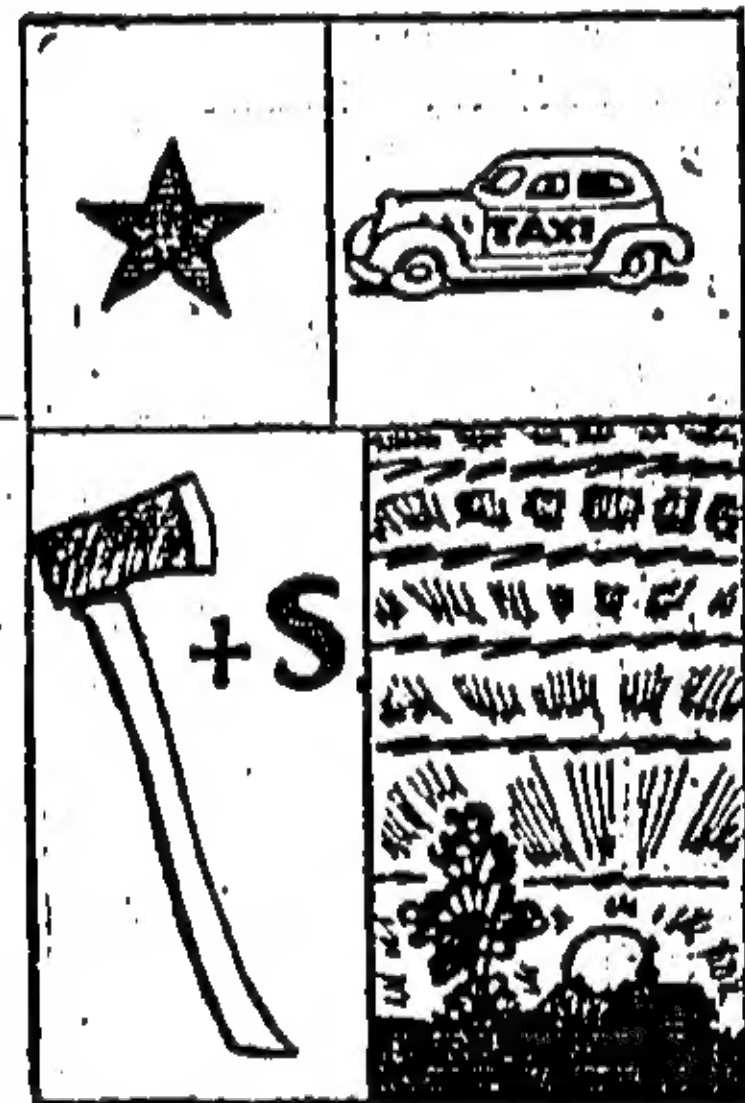
- 1 Head covering
- 2 Integral part
- 3 Irritate
- 4 At all times
- 5 Promontory
- 6 Doctors (ab.)
- 8 Renters
- 9 Chemical salts
- 10 Obscure
- 15 Pierce with horns
- 16 Plant part
- 17 Dines
- 18 Let fall
- 19 Low haunt
- 21 Negative vote

WORD CHAIN

Change KICK to GOAL in seven moves, altering one letter at a time. Make sure you have a good word after each move.

PICTURE SQUARE

The four words of this square are suggested by the pictures. Each word has four letters, which can be arranged into a square.



Rupert & the Arrow—20



Pong-Ping and Podge are soon out of Rupert's house, as Rupert, arriving first at the old man's study, is shown straight into the old man's study. On seeing his arrows the Professor gasps with delight. "Why, little bear, this is a surprise!" he cries. "How did you find them?" Rupert hastily explains what has happened to his bill and to the window. "And now please tell me why the arrows were in the air at all," he pleads. The old man smiles gently. "I see that I shall have to tell you into my secret," he sighs.

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BRONCHO BILL



Quiet Hope



By Harry F. O'Neill

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS

GAMES

JOKES

Dame Dandy's Umbrella

Another Rubbalong Adventure By

Glad Blyton

"NOW, I'm just off," said Ma Rubbalong, tying her bonnet strings. "I'll only be gone two days, so you can't get into much of a muddle in that time, little Rubbalong."

"No, Ma," said Rubbalong, busy hammering a nail into a boot. "Have a good time!"

"And Rubbalong—you will remember to take back that umbrella of Dame Dandy's, won't you?" said Ma. "The one she lent me this morning."

"I'll remember, Ma," said Rubbalong. "You'll miss your bus if you don't go."

"Well, don't forget about the umbrella," said Ma. "You never know what anything belonging to Dame Dandy will do, if it's left about. Goodbye Rubbalong."

Off she went, little Rubbalong, long got on with his work, and the three cats sat and watched him. He whistled softly. He liked working—it was nice making old things new again.

He forgot all about the umbrella till the next day. He wouldn't have remembered it then if it hadn't spoken to him. It had a dog's head for a handle and it spoke quite suddenly in a barking voice.

"Woof! Lazy boy. Why didn't you take me back?"

Rubbalong jumped. So did the cats. "WOOF!" said the umbrella again and its little dog-mouth opened and shut at the top of the umbrella handle.



"Into the dustbin you go," said Rubbalong.

"Goodness! It's you talking!" said Rubbalong in astonishment. "I forgot all about you. You're a nuisance. Now I shall have to take you back all the way to Dame Dandy's."

"Lazy creature!" said the umbrella, and gave him a sharp poke. It stared round at the three cats who were sitting down watching it. It suddenly growled loudly and opened its mouth out with a click.

The cats streaked out of the door in a hurry. "Now stop it," said little Rubbalong. "I don't allow umbrellas to behave like that!"

He caught hold of it and shut it. He tapped the dog's head handle. "No more rudeness from you," he said and walked off to Dame Dandy's with it.

But when he got there, the door was shut and there was a note pinned to it. "Back to-morrow."

"Bother!" said Rubbalong. "Well I'll have to stand you here in the porch, umbrella. Dame Dandy will see you when she comes home."

"I don't want to be left here," called the umbrella in alarm. "Take me with you."

But Rubbalong had run off down the hill. He sat down at his work when he got in, and soon the mended boots and shoes began to pile up in heaps.

There came a knock at the door. "Come in!" cried Rubbalong. But nobody came. Rubbalong got up and opened it.

"Take me with you," called the umbrella. "You shouldn't have left me. It's a long walk back!"

"What! You've come here to me again!" cried Rubbalong in a rage. "I won't stand it!" He

chased the umbrella round the kitchen, but it kept tripping him up. At last it stood still in a corner, quite quietly.

"Well, you just stay there then," said little Rubbalong, angrily. "And don't let me hear a sound from you all day!"

That umbrella was a perfect nuisance. It hopped at the top, barking and opened itself out every time Tib, Tab or Tubby came into the kitchen. They didn't even dare to drink their milk.

"All right," said Rubbalong, and he picked up the umbrella suddenly by the handle. "Out you go—into the rubbish-heap where umbrellas like you belong!"

And he stuck it firmly into the middle of the rubbish-heap, with just the dog's head showing.

But soon there was a tap-tap-tap at the door again—and in came that umbrella, smug and in charge of all the rubbish in the heap.

"I think you're unkind to me," it said, mournfully. "I feel ill. Let me stay by you."

"Certainly not," said Rubbalong in disgust. "Out you go. He threw the umbrella out into the yard. It was now pouring with rain, and the umbrella opened itself at once. It hopped round on its dog's head handle, getting wetter and wetter and wetter.

Then it peeped in at the window. It saw little Rubbalong sitting in his mother's armchair, fast asleep by the fire, with a newspaper open in his hands. The three cats were on his knee.

And that tiresome umbrella slept peacefully in poor Rubbalong's bed all night long. He's going to take it back to Dame Dandy today. I hope she's back, don't you?

The window was open just a crack. The umbrella shut itself, hopped up to the sill and squeezed itself through the crack.

"I'm cold, I'm wet," it whined, and hopped over to little Rubbalong. "Move up you cat! Let me come, too!"

The cat yowled and leapt off Rubbalong's knee at once. He woke up in a hurry and found himself very wet indeed. The dripping umbrella was on his knee.

"This is too much," said Rubbalong, angrily. "Into the dustbin you go!"

And into the dustbin it went, and the lid was banged down on top of it. No more was heard of the umbrella for a long time.

In fact, little Rubbalong forgot all about it, and he hopped into his warm bed, cuddled his hot-water bottle and went to sleep with Tib, Tab and Tubby on his feet.

What was that noise on the window? "Tap-tap-tap-tap-tap! Let me in. I'll break the window if you don't!"

It was that dreadful umbrella again! It had slipped off the dustbin lid, it had hopped out, and come to the window. It was hung with potato peel and tea-leaves, and it was very cold and very cross.

Rubbalong grumbled and groaned and the cats hissed and spat. It wasn't a bit of good. Tap-tap-tap-tap-tap, let me in. I'll break the window, tap-tap-tap-tap-tap!

Rubbalong opened the window. "You wretched, tiresome thing! Go and stand in the corner," he said, and got back into his warm bed.

But the umbrella crept in beside him, cold and wet and smelly. It dug its dog-head handle into him. "Cuddle me," it whined. "I'm cold."

But little Rubbalong wouldn't. Cuddle a knobby, spiky, smelly, wet umbrella no, thank you! He got out of bed, pulled the eiderdown over him and went to sleep on the floor.

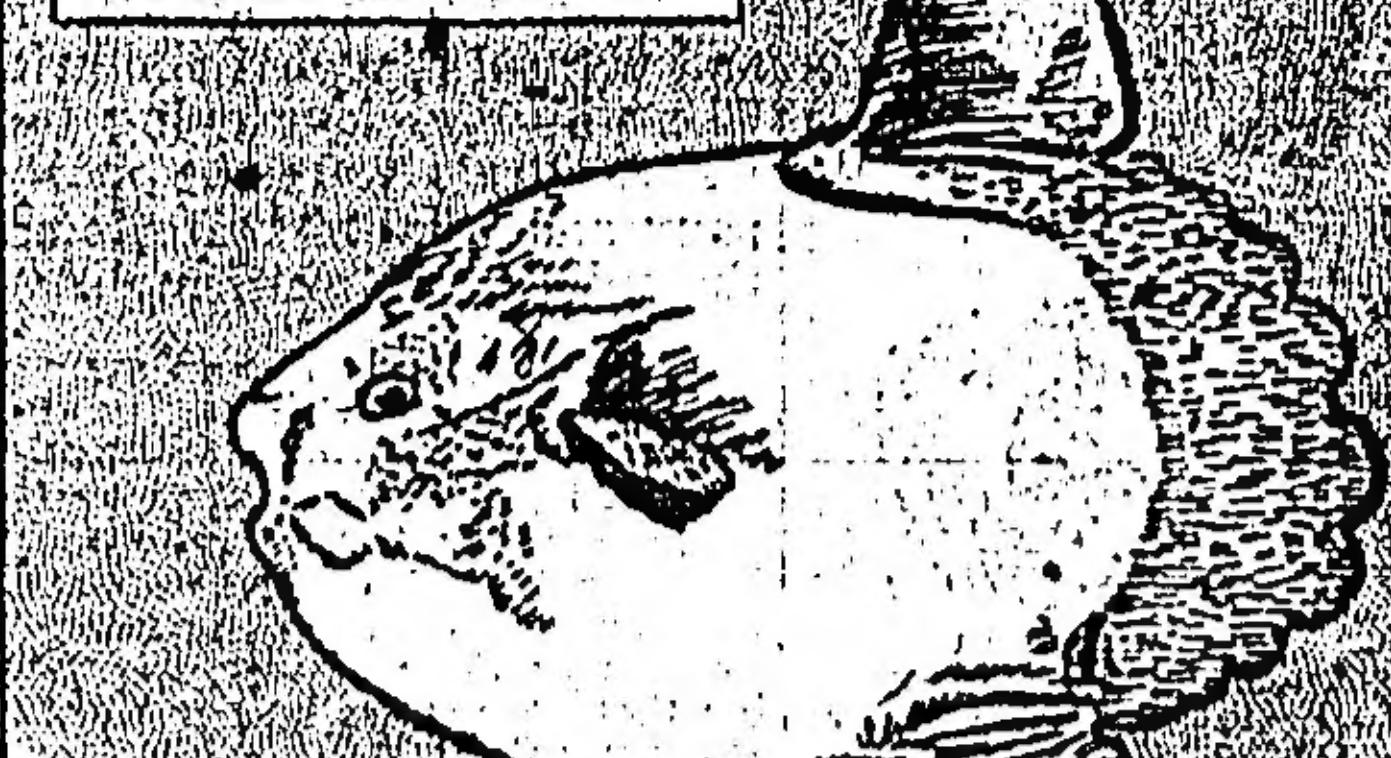
Tib, Tab and Tubby went with him, so he was warm, but most uncomfortable.

And that tiresome umbrella slept peacefully in poor Rubbalong's bed all night long. He's going to take it back to Dame Dandy today. I hope she's back, don't you?

(—London Express Service.)

ZOO'S WHO

The OCEAN SKIFFER, WHICH AT ONE TIME WAS A PINHEAD LARGER THAN A PINHEAD WHEN BORN.



WOODPECKERS CAN HEAR A WORM INSIDE A TREE.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO, SPANISH CONQUEROR OF PERU, SHOD HIS HORSES WITH SHOES OF GOLD AND SILVER... BECAUSE OF THE CHEAPNESS OF THE 'E' MEDALS COMPARED TO IRON... (16th CENTURY)...

The Poem That Saved A Ship

THE poem that saved a ship—the renowned USS Constitution—was written more than 100 years ago.

The famous Constitution fought her last engagement in 1812. In 1830 it was recommended that the frigate be disposed of as unfit for service. A news story to that effect appeared in a Boston newspaper Sept. 14, 1830. Two days later there appeared in Boston papers a poem which remains famous to this day.

It was "Old Ironsides" by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The poem stirred America so much that plans to dismantle



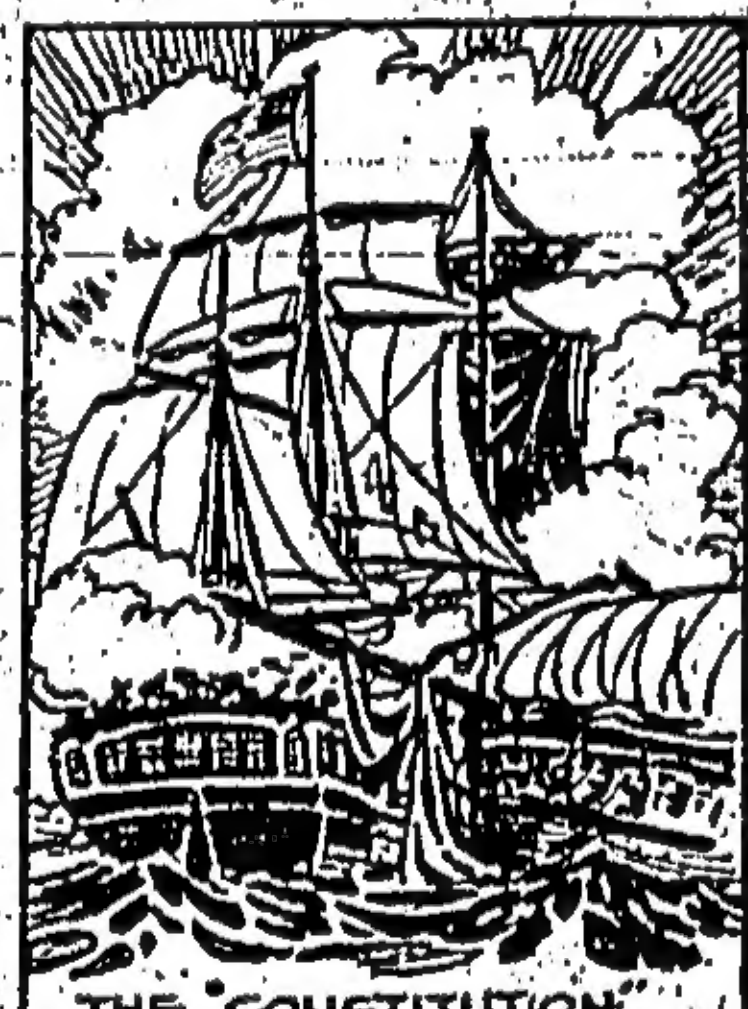
been sold following the War of Independence, making necessary the beginning of a new fleet.

The six frigates were designed to outclass ships of the same type owned by British and French navies. The frigates were not only superior in numbers of guns, but also more heavily timbered than the others.

In the War of 1812 the Constitution engaged the British frigate, Guerriere. The British ship fired many shots during the ensuing battle, but the Constitution held her fire.

Some time later the Constitution delivered a broadside within pistol range and in 39 minutes of heavy action, forced the surrender of the enemy ship.

During the fight an unknown seaman, seeing a shot rebound from her stout hull, dubbed her "Old Ironsides," a nickname that stuck.



the ship were laid aside and she was saved for future generations. Since 1897, except for one cruise, she has been docked in Boston, her home port.

The Constitution was one of six frigates whose construction was authorized by Congress to stem the ravaging of American merchant ships by Barbary Coast pirates. Every American craft in the small navy had

THE SECRET OF THE STRADIVARIUS

"IT'S to be a gift," said the haughty nobleman of Cremona. "You are to make an excellent job of it."

Antonio Stradivari looked up from his figuring. "All my fiddles are excellent, my lord."

So they say, so they say. Stradivari named a figure, and the visitor whistled. "All that, for a few pieces of wood and some catgut strings?"

The most famous violin-maker in Cremona flushed, but continued to talk calmly. "Not just wood, my lord. Spruce and maple and pine and ebony. The finest specimens, of even grain. Aged and seasoned by my own secret processes. Carefully cut and shaped, then shaved and sanded over and over again, until they're exactly thin enough and curved just right."

Stradivari pointed to his work bench, littered with tools and materials, and jars of all sizes. "Seventy different pieces, my lord—back, belly, ribs, linings, sound post, scroll, holes, finger board, pegs, scroll, tail-piece, chin rest. Fitted and glued so exactly you can't see the joints, and to give the finest tone, the most graceful design. Varnished with oil from balsam-fer trees, now growing scarce and scarcer. Layer after layer of varnish, applied so thinly the tone grows mellower, the colour of the wood more lovely with age. Everything I learned from my teacher, Nicolo Amati. Everything I discovered myself. All this, my lord, you buy when you order a Stradivarius fiddle!"

The noble nodded gravely. "That is how long it will take, my lord. Now you'll just sign this order! Right here, where it reads: Date promised—May 17, 1722."

The dazed noble took the pen and signed. "Thank you, my lord. This will be my finest fiddle so far. I have several new ideas. See you next year, my lord!"

THE finest violins in all the world were made in Cremona, Italy, about the year 1700. And in all Cremona, the finest violins were made by Stradivari—a thousand of them, of which we still have about 600. The materials he used cost only about £1, and his time, and the time of his apprentices and assistants. Today, a "Strad" fiddle sells for as much as £12,000.

Many factors went into the perfection of a Strad fiddle: training, patience, high standards of art and skill. One of Stradivari's "trade secrets" was his varnish. This is most important in a violin for beauty of tone and beauty of appearance. Strad violins have a soft, orange-red lustre that grows livelier with age, which permits the sound to come through sweeter and clearer year by year.

The secret of Stradivari's varnish was lost when he died. For a long time, nobody was able to make a violin varnish as good as his. But modern science has stepped in, and the puzzle has been solved, though

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Michelson, a Cincinnati chemist, has learned how to make Strad varnish.

Michelson scraped off tiny bits of varnish from Strad violins, and examined them under a microscope. This instrument uses coloured light rays to reveal the exact chemical make-up of a material. Michelson found that the linseed oil in the varnish hadn't been used "raw," but was specially treated before mixing.

And the varnish had been applied in several thin coats after which the violin was immediately put out in the bright Italian sunlight.

Now chemists can make the superb varnish of Cremona's great fiddle-maker. But varnish is only one factor. The job still takes perfect materials and months of patient skillful toil by artists and craftsmen. Even when we know all of Stradivari's secrets, we may still not be able to equal the greatest fiddle-maker of all time.

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DO-IT By Dole Goss

Things to Make With Materials at Hand

5. Cut a PAPER strip 3 inches wide and long enough to fit around box top. Decorate strip and sack!

6. Cut 1 inch slits about 1 1/2 inches apart in edges of sack. PASTE sack and strip to top.

7. Cut a PAPER SACK (flat) fasten folded edges together with TAPE. Measure 10" from closed end and cut off.

8. Cut a hole 4" wide in center of HAT BOX top.

9. Punch a hole on each side 1" from center.

10. Tie pieces of STRING 24" long in the holes. Y-Y

11. Let the boys and girls make their own.

BLOWING BUBBLES

BLOWING bubbles can be lots of fun at a party.

Give each guest a pipe and a bottle of bubble water.

Then see who can blow the most or the biggest bubbles before someone stops playing that popular song, "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," on the piano.

Other contests include blowing the most "big bubbles," the most "little bubbles," and the most bubbles to float across a given line.

Tip For Girls

NO girl who has a little sister should lose out her worn silk slips. They make up into perfect nighties, or undies for a pre-teen, who is trying to look glamorous. Just turn the torn top with one straight cut. Now in style, and with the help of an "easy-to-make" pattern.

France Wins Sole Ascot Victory On Last Day

GORDON'S THREE WINNERS

Ascot, June 17.—France won her sole Ascot victory this afternoon, on the last day of the four-day meeting, when Alindrake, winner of his last two races in France, carried off the Queen Alexandra Stakes, over two and three-quarter miles, the longest flat race in Britain.

Ridden by the French jockey Paul Blanc, this four-year-old son of Admiral Drake scored a two-length victory over Vulcan, last year's winner, and four to five favourite to repeat his success.

Alindrake started at seven to one.

Third was another French colt, Trois Moulins, starting at 33 to 1.

DANIELL, ON A NORTON, WINS SENIOR TT

Ramsay, (Isle of Man) June 17.—Harold Daniell, on a Norton, today won the senior Tourist Trophy race on the famous Isle of Man circuit when he covered seven laps of the 37-3/4 miles' course in three hours, two minutes and 18.4 seconds, to average 86.923 miles an hour.

The Duke of Edinburgh flew from London this morning and started the competitors on their way before going out to a part of the course to watch them hurdle by.

Such a furious pace was maintained from the start that there were a number of retirements as riders skidded or crashed, damaging their machines, at some of the tricky bends on the circuit.

Daniell was presented to the Duke after his victory to be personally congratulated on his triumph. Daniell had been third at the end of the first lap and was afterwards in either fourth or fifth place until the closing minutes, when misfortune to the other men ahead of him allowed him to go to the front and win. He has twice previously won this race—in 1938 and 1947—and holds the lap record for the course at 91 miles an hour.

J. Lockett, on another Norton, was second in three hours, three minutes and 52.4 seconds, averaging 86.19 miles an hour, with E. Lyon's Velocette third in three hours, five minutes and 22 seconds, averaging 85.495 miles an hour.

Fifty-eight riders started in the race, and there were 29 in the lightweight event, which began two minutes after the last senior rider set off.

The unluckiest rider in the senior event was R. Graham, on an AJS who was first round the opening lap and generally in front until late in the race. With a few miles to go he was seen to be pushing his machine up hill in order to coast down the finishing line. This misfortune cost him the race.

The lightweight race was won by M. Barrington, on a Moto-Guzzi, at an average

POLE WINS AMATEUR CROWN

Osla, June 17.—Janecz Kasperczak, of Poland, was the first title winner when the finals of the European amateur boxing championships were started before 10,000 spectators here this evening.

Kasperczak won the flyweight championship by defeating Josef Bednal, of Hungary, on points. Kasperczak did most of the attacking, but Bednal countered well until he began to tire. Kasperczak kept up the pressure to win the title on a points decision.

Battista Zuddas, of Italy, won the bantamweight title by defeating Kenning Jensen, of Denmark, on points. Zuddas was the stronger of the pair, but the Dane defended courageously and got in some spectacular punches.

Lazlo Papp, of Hungary, won the middleweight title, defeating S. Sjogren, of Sweden, on points.—Reuter.

"The Prophet" In Trouble

Los Angeles, June 17.—Krisna Vento, barefoot "messiah" who recently made a world tour to save mankind, has been charged with failure to support his ex-wife and two children.

His long curls and beard flowing over his robe, the prophet was arrested last night as he stepped from his chauffeured limousine in front of his temple.

He was later freed on a writ returnable on June 27 in San Bernardino, California, Justice Court.

"I am beginning to wonder if it is all worth it," said the 38-year-old Krishna, whose real name is Francis Penovic. "A man tries to live right and do good and things like this happen."

He said he did not know the whereabouts of his former wife, who divorced him in 1941. He was married again and has four more children.—United Press.

Bombay To Ban Horse Racing

Bombay, June 17.—The Bombay Government today announced their decision to ban horse racing throughout the province, the ban to be effective from April, 1953.

The Government will soon prohibit the publication and circulation of racing literature except at the race-course.—Reuter.

When "Togo" Johnstone, riding the favourite, drew up to Alindrake two furlongs out, he seemed sure to win, but Alindrake, who had been under pressure for the last half mile, plodded on gamely to credit his owner, Mr E. A. Toulemonde, and his trainer, E. Boullenger, with their first Ascot success.

The other big prize of the afternoon, the six-furlong Wokingham Stakes, fell to the favourite, Colonel Giles Lodge's The Cobbler, starting a warm favourite at four to one.

Ridden by the champion jockey, Gordon Richards, The Cobbler drew the coveted place of 33 runners and, although he carried heavily on him, Richards waited with the former Derby failure until the distance, when he came through to win comfortably by two lengths.

Second was a 20 to 1 chance, Irish Dance, ridden by Edgar Britt, and third, three-quarters of a length away, another outsider, the 33 to 1 shot, Colorado Star.

This was Gordon Richards' second winner of the day. He had previously ridden his 100th winner of the season in getting a camera decision of a short head on the Aga Khan's Tabriz in the five-furlong Windsor Castle Stakes for two-year-olds.

Tabriz, a grey son of Teheran, starting at 10 to 1, just got the decision over Sir Richard Sykes' Monarchia, a daughter of Danie, which started at 100 to 7.

The hot favourite in this race was the American-bred filly, Mary Phyllis, but this grey daughter of Mahmoud, starting at 11 to 10, was slowly away and never threatened the leading candidates.

Richards rode his third winner of the day in getting home the four to six favourite, Abernant, in the five-furlong King's Stand Stakes, the last race of the day and the meeting.

Abernant, a grey three-year-old son of Owen Tudor, alone for his two Thousand Guineas debut by scoring a four-length victory over the 25 to 1 outsider, Cui de Sac.

Outsiders won the one-mile Rous Memorial Stakes and the mile-and-a-half Hardwick Stakes. Silver Gait, starting at 100 to 1, won the former. Heil scope, starting at 20 to 1, won the latter.

The Stanley House stable was expected to follow up their yesterday's success. In the Gold Cup, and provided a well-fancied runner in each of these events.

Titman, in the former, was left at the start and Dogger Bank, in the latter, could only finish third.—Reuter.

Hampshire were out for 120 in their first innings, the New Zealanders replying with 430 for five wickets declared. In reply to Hampshire's second innings of 400, the tourists made 109 for 3 to win.

Hampshire, in contrast to their first innings, gave a splendid display in their second. They cleared an arrears of 301 with four wickets in hand, batting with confidence on a worn pitch which gave spin bowlers assistance.

Eagar, the captain, and McCorkell laid the foundation of recovery with a fourth wicket partnership of 73. Eagar and Arnold put on 78 for the fifth stand and Shackleton helped Arnold to add 59 for the sixth wicket.

Eagar's 82 included two sixes and ten fours in just over two and a half hours.

New Zealand's two left-handers, Sutcliffe and Donnelly, hit so fiercely that 80 runs were scored in ten minutes.—Reuter.

Manila, June 17.—The Department of the Interior has ordered the Government of Quezon to keep a close watch on alleged wholesale, illicit Chinese landings along the coast of the Province. It was learned today.—Reuter.



"He's beginning to slow up now, notice? He almost missed you once during the last round!"

TENNIS:

All-American Final In London Tourney

London, June 17.—Ted Schroeder, the United States favourite for the Wimbledon title, entered the final of the London lawn tennis championships today when he beat South Africa's Eric Sturges 4-6, 6-2 and 7-5.

This was definitely Schroeder's hardest match since he arrived in England and he was within a game of losing the match when Sturges led 5-4 in the third set.

Schroeder used all the strength of his high volleying ability to bring his victory. Good passing shots by Sturges had the American worried frequently, but after leveling the final set on his own service.

In the men's doubles semi-final, Bromwich and F. Sedgman beat Budge Patty and Eric Sturges 6-2, 6-2.

G. E. Brown and O. W. Sidwell beat G. Mulloy and Schroeder by 6-8, 7-5 and 10-13.—Reuter.

Frank Buck Bound For Singapore

London, June 17.—Frank ("Bring Em Back Alive") Buck landed in London today on his way to India and Malaya to collect wild animals and reptiles.

"I am off now on my first quick expedition since the war to India, Malaya and Singapore looking for any species I can find," he said. "My boys out there have already started the collection. I'll spend about 30 days getting the animals together for shipment to the U.S."

Mr Buck leaves London for Singapore in three days. Plans to film a new Frank Buck wild animal picture, this time in colour and with a story, have been postponed until next March. Mr Buck explained: "Because of that Communist bandit trouble out there."

The filming was originally to start late this month at Singapore.—Associated Press.

Guillotine For Union's Citizen Bill

Capetown, June 17.—The South African Assembly today carried by 76 votes to 62 a motion by the Prime Minister, Dr D. F. Malan, applying the guillotine to the Citizenship Bill.

The House then adjourned. The Assembly had debated all day the motion restricting the remaining stages of the Bill to 20 hours, of which 14 would be devoted to the Committee stage.

The Bill, abolishing the status of British subjects, passed its second reading on Wednesday night after a debate lasting 48 hours—the longest in the history of the South African Parliament.

Opposition members objected on the grounds that the Finance Minister, Mr Nicolaas C. Havenga, Leader of the House, had promised that they would have all the time they wanted for discussion of the Bill.

The Bill, while abolishing the status of British subjects, will also impose on British immigrants a five-year waiting period for full Union citizenship, instead of the present two years.—Reuter.

End Of War Crimes Work

Nuremberg, June 17.—The American prosecution staff at the Nuremberg war crimes trials wrote "nilis" to four years of work today by filing its final document in the "Wilhelmstrasse" case.

Dr Robert M. Kempner, Deputy Chief of Counsel, filed the document—the Prosecution's reply to defence motions alleging errors in the judgment of the United States Military Tribunal in the now completed trial of the 21 former Nazi Government officials.

The office of Chief of Counsel in the war crimes at Nuremberg, which will officially cease to exist on June 20, has been concerned with 18 war crimes cases and 108 individual judgments.

A small staff will remain at Nuremberg to process final trial records.—Reuter.

Bombay, June 17.—A surcharge of 22 percent, on all shipping freight rates from the United Kingdom and the Continent to Bombay will be imposed on and after June 30, it was announced in London today.

A spokesman for the conference of British, Indian, Belgian, Dutch and Scandinavian kings, which has been discussing the matter by telegraph and telephone since yesterday, told Reuter that the surcharge had been found necessary solely on account of the very high congestion at Bombay, with consequent serious delays in the turn-round of vessels.—Reuter.

Sir Hartley Says The Russians Are Afraid

Leamington, (Warwickshire) June 17.—Sir Hartley Shawcross, the British Attorney-General, today accused Soviet Russia of exercising a new "Caesarism."

He also said that Russia was "soured" by a handful of men mercilessly by a handful of men in Eastern Europe, might be one way to secure peace for a time.

"It is also," he declared, "a certain way to lose our souls as free individuals."

Denying that Britain had any aggressive or imperialist intentions, Sir Hartley Shawcross said: "Russia has nothing to fear from us, save the successful example of social democracy."

"That, indeed, is their real fear."

The Russians pretend to be challenged by the Western democracies. They are not. We are not afraid of Soviet or Communist ideas. These circulate freely in the democratic world—and find new adherents.

"But the Russians seem scared of our ideas and ideals,"—Reuter.

Police Guard £4m. Worth Of Diamonds

Amsterdam, June 17.—Cohorts of police were mobilised today to guard £4,000,000 worth of diamonds put on exhibition in Amsterdam.

"There is no chance for gangsters here," said Mr S. Asscher, a member of the organising committee of the diamond exhibition.

Police will guard the exhibits day and night until the display closes on July 3.

Most entries are Dutch, but several foreign diamond companies are also represented. The exhibition shows diamonds in all their phases from rough stones to the brilliant jewel.—Associated Press.

Big Night At Bible Auditorium

Tomorrow promises to be a big night at the Bible Auditorium, Chatham & Moody Roads, Kowloon. The Far Eastern Academy choir under the direction of Mrs Minnie Iverson Wood, M. Mus., will render the sacred cantata, "The Beautiful Queen," beginning at 7.30 p.m. Participants will enact their parts in costume.

Following the cantata, a moving picture film, "The Voice of Prophecy," will be featured. This promises to be one of the most unusual nights thus far at the Bible Auditorium. At the 6.30 meeting in Hongkong the film, "The Voice of Prophecy" will be rendered only at the Bible Auditorium on the Kowloon side.

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Austrian Treaty Problem

(Continued from Page 1)

In turn, the West has demanded that free access be granted to Berlin by rail, land and water. There is as yet no firm yes to that from the Russian side.

2: On Austria.

The West has offered to increase the lump sum reparations payment from Austria to Russia from US\$100,000,000 to US\$150,000,000 spread over six years. But there are two conditions. Russia must agree not to compel Austria to cede certain territory to Yugoslavia. Russia must also pay just what German assets in Austria she is claiming as reparations.

Russia is expected to have agreed for the moment on the territorial question. On the reparations question, M. Vyshinsky insists that he will report that German assets Russia is taking only after the West agrees to the paying of the US\$150,000,000. The West insists that that is "pig in a poke" business to which they will not agree.—Associated Press.

BOMBAY PORT CONGESTION

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A spokesman for the conference of British, Indian, Belgian, Dutch and Scandinavian kings, which has been discussing the matter by telegraph and telephone since yesterday, told Reuter that the surcharge had been found necessary solely on account of the very high congestion at Bombay, with consequent serious delays in the turn-round of vessels.—Reuter.

MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

A GRAND COMBINATION FOR A HILARIOUS TIME!



GARY COOPER
ANN SHERIDAN
in LEO MCCAREY'S
GOOD SAM

NEXT CHANGE
George Brent • Virginia Mayo
Turhan Boy • Carole Landis
"OUT OF THE BLUE"

MAJESTIC THEATRE



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HONGKONG TELEGRAPH

1-3 Wyndham Street, Hongkong
Published daily (afternoon)
Price, 20 cents per edition.
Subscription: \$2.50 per month.

Postage: China and Macao, \$1.50 per month. U.K. British Possessions and other countries, \$4.00 per month.

News contributions, always welcome, should be addressed to the Editor, business communications and advertisements to the General Manager.

Telephone: 26615, 26616, 26617.

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post and Hong Kong Telegraph Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

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